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HOLINESS
TO THE
LIFE

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



CONTENTS.

LIFE IN ICELAND (<i>Illustrated</i>).....	641	Some Early Utah Sunday Schools.....	674
A TRIP THROUGH ASIA MINOR (<i>Illustrated</i>).....		ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.....	676
.....F. F. Hintze	643	EMINENT MEN BELIEVE IN CHRISTIANITY.....	
STORIES:	 <i>Youth's Companion</i>	677
Dora's Awakening.....	Lilia Craven 647	SOME HEALTH SUGGESTIONS.....	678
Grandpa's Story.....	Pearl Udall 648	WHIPPING WIVES.....	679
THE BOYS WHO DISOBEYED THEIR FATHER.....	C. A. S. 650	LIMITS OF HEAT AND COLD.....	679
THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.....	Homespun 651	MAN AND HIS SHOES.....	679
THE YOUNGEST SON (<i>Poetry</i>) Catherine Glen	655	OUR LITTLE FOLKS:	
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS:		Bessie Barton's Large Family (<i>Illustrated</i>)	680
Pernicious Literature.....	656	A Model Town.....	P. 682
DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.....	658	The Maiden who was Sent Away from Home.....	Stella Nelson 683
BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVEMENT.....	666	Maud and Fanny.....	684
TOPICS OF THE TIMES: <i>The Editor.</i>		The Story of Procopius.....	Family Herald 686
		For the Letter-Box.....	688

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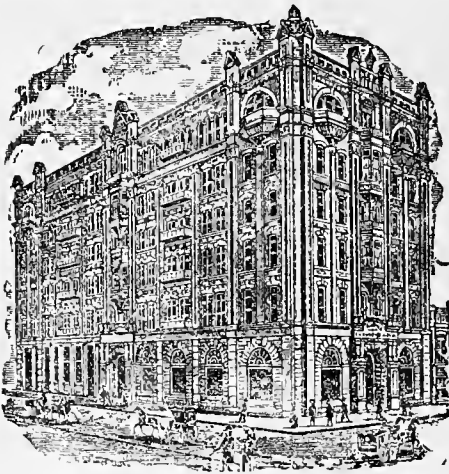
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXIV.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1899.

No. 21.

## LIFE IN ICELAND.

In personal appearance the Icelanders still retain many of the peculiarities of their Scandinavian ancestors. The Icelanders in general are of moderate size. The head is moderately large, the coun-

were taught before, and the clergyman visiting each family several times in the year, and examining into the progress they have made. The extent of information thus acquired, not only of the history of their own and connected nations, but even of classical times and



A TYPICAL FARM HOUSE IN ICELAND.

tenance open, and the features pleasing, especially in the fair sex. They have almost universally fine teeth and yellow flaxen hair. The mental cultivation of the natives is very high. Education is conducted at home, parents teaching their children as they themselves

Oriental countries is very remarkable.

The inhospitable climate influences everything connected with the moral and physical life of the natives. The changes of the seasons alone bring variety to the Icelanders, and nowhere is this change more sudden or complete. Summer and

winter, for spring and autumn are unknown, have each their appropriate occupations, as diverse as the periods of the year. In winter they generally rise about six or seven in the morning, when the employments of the day begin, the family and servants equally engaging in the preparation of food and clothing. Some of the men look after the cattle, feeding those which are kept in the house, others spin ropes of wool or horse-hair, or are employed in the smithy making horse-shoes and other articles, while the boys remove the snow from the pastures for the sheep, which are turned out during the day to shift for themselves. The females make ready the several meals, ply the spindle and distaff, knit stockings and mittens, and occasionally embroider bedcovers and cushions. When evening comes on, the whole family are collected into one room, which is at once bedchamber and parlor, and, the lamp being lighted, they take their seats with their work in their hands. Men and women are now similarly engaged in knitting or weaving, or in preparing hides for shoes or fishing-dresses. While they are thus occupied, one of their number, selected for the evening, places himself near the lamp, and reads aloud, some old saga or history. As the reading proceeds, the master of the house or some of the more intelligent of the circle pass remarks on the most striking incidents of the story, or try the ingenuity of the children by questions.

The natives have few amusements, and those chiefly of a quiet and meditative nature. Chess, of which they seem to have various kinds, and a game resembling draughts, are the favorites.

Summer brings with it a wider range of employments. Even before the winter is over, when the pale sun can scarcely

penetrate the midday gloom, the inhabitants of the North and of the interior are seen hastening to the southern and western shores, which are then alone free from ice, to reap the rich harvest Providence has reserved for them in the stormy waters. The *ver-tima*, or fishing-season, continues from the 3rd of February to the 12th of May. To prevent, as much as possible, the bad effects of cold and damp, each fisherman has a dress of leather, rubbed over with train-oil till it is almost impervious to water. Their boats are commonly small, with from one to four men in each, though larger ones with sails, containing eight or nine, are sometimes used, particularly on the western coast. The fish are mostly caught with lines and hooks, baited with shellfish or pieces of flesh. When the adventurers leave the shore, it is customary for them to take off their hats and offer up a petition for good success, recommending themselves to the Divine protection in a prayer or hymn. They then row to the places frequented by the fish, and continue there the whole day. On their return the produce is equally divided.

The preparation of turf for fuel is another of the summer occupations of the males, who then devolve the care of the cattle on the women. No sooner is the ground thawed than they begin to cut it, and place it in small heaps for protection from the rain. But about the middle of July, the busiest period of the Icelandic summer begins, and the tide of population flows from the coast to the interior. The grass has then attained its full growth, and the hay harvest commences, on the success of which the support of cows and consequent comfort of the natives so much depend. The men mow it with a short scythe about two feet long and two



inches broad, while the females turn it to dry and collect it into little heaps. When ready, it is made up into bundles and carried home, either by men or on horses, one being slung on each side.

This harvest being over, the farmers employ themselves in collecting the sheep that, during the summer, have been wandering wild on the mountains, bringing them home, and killing those needed for the winter.

The gathering of the Iceland moss is an employment for the females during two or three weeks in the middle of summer, when the other sex are fishing in the fresh waters, or absent on their trading journeys. The natives distinguish several kinds of this plant, to which they give different names, but the best is of a bright brown color, and grows most abundantly in stony places where there is no grass. To collect it one or two women from each farm go every year into the desert parts of the island, twenty or thirty miles from the inhabited districts. They take with them horses, tents and food, and unite into large parties, having along with them two or three men to protect them from the robbers, who are believed to frequent those parts of the country. They move about from place to place, pitching their tents wherever the moss is abundant, until their horses are laded with the nutritious lichen; and, as it becomes rough and hard in dry weather, they prefer gathering it in moist days, or during the clear nights of the northern summer. The period spent wandering in this manner through those romantic districts is the happiest in the life of the Icelfander, and is looked forward to with high expectation. Companies from distant parts of the land often meet in such excursions, when each have their tale to tell of the occurrences of the last

winter—of the snowstorm or tempest, of dangers by flood or field; things trivial in themselves, but composing the history of this simple people.

The present houses of the Icelanders differ little from those used by their ancestors, who first colonized the island; and, though not according to our ideas of beauty or comfort, are probably the best fitted for the climate. They seldom exceed one story in height, and, as each room is in some measure separate from the others, the buildings on a moderate sized farm bear some resemblance to a small village. The walls are occasionally composed of driftwood, but oftener of stone or lava, having the interstices stuffed with moss or earth, and are about four feet high by six in thickness. Instead of the usual rafters, the roof often consists of whale ribs which are more durable, covered with brushwood and turf, producing good grass, which is carefully cut at the proper season. From the door a long passage extends to the *badstofa*, or principal room, the common sitting, eating, and sleeping apartment of the family. On the sides of this passage are doors leading to other rooms used by the servants or for the kitchen and dairy.

### A TRIP THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

#### CHAPTER II.

FROM Aleppo to Aintab it is about seventy-five miles. Half of this distance—to Killis, a small town—may be made in wagon, but the remaining half must be traveled on horseback, as there is no wagon road yet finished. The wagon road from Iskanderoon to Aleppo and from Aleppo to Killis is very good; in fact the roads in Syria and Palestine are as a rule very good when

they are completed. The country is well adapted for making good roads, there being a great deal of soft limestone to be found there. This makes a fine roadbed.

In Turkey, the law provides that each man shall pay twelve piasters (about fifty cents) road tax each year. This seems fair enough; but when it comes to build a road whole villages are ordered out and often are forced to go to a far off place to build a road in which they are not interested, and over which they never expect to travel. If they are slow the soldiers are sent to fetch them out—men, women and children. Until just recently a wheelbarrow was unknown here, and only in Syria is to be seen such a useful article now. Horses and scrapers are never seen. In some places the villagers in the north use oxen and carts to gravel the roads. The most common implement is the basket. Men and women pack the earth to fill with in baskets; in excavating they use the same thing. Shovels are only used to fill with and to pitch short distances.

In and around Killis are a number of small springs of good water, and the country is well cultivated. Hundreds of acres of vineyards and olive trees can be seen here. The people are mostly Kurds. In the villages there are a few other creeds such as "*Kozel-Bash*" (Red Heads) and "*Yessids*" (Devil Worshipers, as they are called). These, while not acknowledged by the Turks as full Mohammedans, are used as soldiers and are full citizens. The Armenians here were plundered, and from fifty to one hundred were killed during the massacre which occurred a few years ago.

The trail leading from Killis to Aintab is a very rough one, and has evidently been in use for centuries. The country is very volcanic in these parts and in

places large fields of lava rock may be seen. It is often very difficult for a horse to pick his footing over these lava fields, and hard for the rider to cling to the animal while it stumbles over the boulders. In these non-progressive regions one cannot count upon having much comfort in traveling unless able to pay excessive prices. Therefore a "Mormon" Elder is forced to be content to put his few effects upon a pack-saddle and seat himself upon them. These Turkish packsaddles are by no means small affairs. They cover nearly the whole back of the animal, and are raised up pretty high to keep the pack from striking the large boulders along the road. Large saddlebags are provided for traveling purposes, and these are filled with all sorts of articles and hung over the animal one on either side. Over the top of this is spread out the bed clothes, and on the top of these the rider is perched.

At Aintab we have a large, flourishing branch of the Church. It has been the good pleasure of the writer to baptize thirty persons into the Church there since his arrival on this his second mission to Turkey. Many very honest people are found among them, and it is with just pride that the writer looks upon this work as the result of the blessing of God upon the labors of the missionaries.

Aintab has also been a fruitful field for the Protestants. They have three large churches and a college here. The city has about 70,000 inhabitants, mostly Moslems. It is an ancient place and has a large citadel in the old part of town where once a strong fortification was maintained.

June 17th, we were ready to leave Aintab. We had received a number of pressing invitations to come to Ad-aman. At about 10 a. m. on the above

named day we, however, left Aintab, the Saints going with us out of town, as is customary in these eastern lands. The road to Adiaman led out over a hilly country to the north-east. After traveling slow for about ten miles we camped in the open hills in the hot sun, without shade. It now became evident to us that the caravan expected to travel slowly and let their animals get their food by the way, a fact we much regretted as it would take us a couple of days longer to make our journey, and we would be forced to lay out in the burning heat nearly all day. At this first stopping place our caravan collected until it appeared like a small village. The roads were none too safe, frequently people were robbed and even killed while traveling upon it, so it was far safer to travel with a large caravan. Turks, never look to comfort, and our camping place was far from water and in a rocky place.

Next morning after our first day's out just at day-break the animals were rounded in and we were off in a few minutes. It does not take the freighters long to make a start. If the people here know one thing better than another it is how to handle ropes and packs. They put their loads on quick and well, and during the day they have little or no trouble in readjusting them. By count we found our train consisted of fifty-four animals—horses, mules and donkeys, and of about forty-five persons, large and small. Our muleteers were Kurds and carried weapons, such as old flint guns, old flint pistols, daggers, etc. These men were rough, dark skinned chaps. The passengers in the train were mostly Christians returning home from Aintab. A number were women and children. The women rode in the same manner as the men—side saddles are not in use here. They were

mostly poor, and wore big baggy drawers or pants. Children are carried in two large boxes—one on either side of the horse. Over the two boxes a bow is drawn and a shade arranged. This arrangement seems all right at first, but along in the day the children's noses bespeak contact with the boxes by bleeding profusely. The poor children have a hard time of it, as the motion of the animals keeps them on a constant move.

Our route for the day was over hills and hollows. Along in the forenoon we got onto a creek. Here we camped for the remainder of the day. We were more fortunate here than at our previous stopping place, for a few bushes were found along the stream, which furnished us a shade. This being a wild, uninhabited country, a few bushes and scrub trees were seen, otherwise near towns no wild underwood can be found, as it is all destroyed by the goats and sheep, and the hills look naked and unproductive.

Brother Sherinian and myself selected a place off by ourselves for the day where we might be alone and converse upon our labors and read. We made a moderately good shade by spreading our blankets over the bushes. Towards evening we observed the Kurd women coming from distant villages in the hills to get water, which they carried on donkeys. Their water vessels were goat-skins. The goat is a useful animal in this country. It is a good milker and easily kept. When killed its meat is fairly good, and the skin is exceedingly useful. It is used for water bags, for shoes, to store away fat, oil, cheese, etc. The hide makes an excellent churn, either upright or swinging. If as a swinging churn, two women as a rule stand one at each end and shake or jerk the milk into butter.

In the afternoon of the next day we were joined by a large camel caravan composed of about fifty animals loaded with salt. These hugged up close to us for protection, so that we had to make

our beds between camels, Kurds and packs. Salt is an expensive article here. The government has a high internal revenue on it.

As the camel drivers were sore afraid



LOADED CAMEL AND CARAVAN.

of robbers, they made their camels lie down all around the salt on the outside.

At three o'clock, a. m., we were off again.

As we came nearer to the town of Adiaman we saw that the people eyed us with great suspicion; and on getting into the town we had a curious mob surrounding us. On all sides we could hear them saying, "These are the Mormons. They will give us more wives," etc. We went to the home of a Mr. Lako, who had written to Aaintab very urgently to have us come. We had thought of going to the khan, as we would be more at liberty there, but as Mr. Lako was supposed to be an investigator of our message he might feel hurt if we refused his hospitality. We soon found Mr. Lako was not so interested in the Gospel as he was in seeking to get another wife.

We had supper with him and his family. A number of persons came in to bid us welcome, and they with us sat up to partake of the meal spread before us. One young fellow came in, and he was pointed out to us as one of twelve who had signed a letter of invitation to us stating they were ready to receive the Oospel. We soon found that no readiness existed and that there was some great mistake somewhere.

*F. F. Hintze.*

### STORIETTES.

[FROM THE CLASSES IN ENGLISH, BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY, PROVO.]

#### Dora's Awakening.

"DOING noble deeds, not dreaming them all day long." These were the words that Belle had repeated over and over again; and these were the words that were ringing in Dora Atwell's ears

as she sat brooding over her unhappiness that afternoon.

"How can I be noble?" Dora asked herself bitterly. "Not in doing housework, surely. If I could only be a great musician, I should be respected; or if I could do some great deed, save someone's life or something like that, people might find out they really loved me, and that I honestly tried to do my best. As it is, I am only a servant without a servant's privileges."

Great tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell upon her clasped hands.

Since Mrs. Atwell's death, some eighteen months before, Dora had been her father's housekeeper and mother to her younger brothers and sisters. She had been raised in idle luxury, and every wish of her heart had been gratified. Her time had been spent in studying music, of which she was passionately fond; and now, with the duties of home upon her young shoulders, she could no longer spend time upon it. Sometimes, however, she could not resist the temptation to open her pretty piano, and forget her cares in its sweet tones.

That morning she had been trying a new sonata. The time had passed swiftly by, and when her father and the children had come home for dinner, the house was in wild disorder--dishes unwashed, beds unmade, clothes unmended. Mr. Atwell after a few hasty words as to the folly of music, had left the house. The children had also found fault with her, and rushed dinnerless back to school.

Poor Dora felt that she could endure it no longer. If it was such a crime to touch a piano, why had she been taught music all her life?

After awhile her sobs quieted down, and she began to reason with herself. Another line of Belle's quotation came

into her head as if to help the first one out. "Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be good."

Then with a grave smile she said aloud, "I see no better starting point than the kitchen."

All afternoon she worked untiringly, going from room to room, sweeping and cleaning; and when the sun went down, its last rays shone on a tidy house and a tired girl.

She now dressed herself and baby sister in clean, fresh gowns; and when her father returned, she was delighted to see that he noticed the change in the appearance of things, and that the frown had left his face. Her joy was complete when after supper, which had been laid in the dining room instead of the kitchen—where so many meals had lately been eaten—he asked her to sing for him. She possessed a sweet voice, and sang again and again, pleased that she was giving joy to the home circle as of old. Once while singing "Home, Sweet Home," she glanced over her shoulder and saw tears standing in her father's eyes. Somehow the sight gave such a depth of pathos to her words and music that she was not surprised to hear him sob, and broke down herself and wept in his arms.

The evening's entertainment had a soothing effect, however, upon the whole family, and Mr. Atwell retired in a happier mood than he had for many a day.

"Jack," said Belle, as they went upstairs together. "Wasn't it lovely! I wish we could live like that always. I am afraid it won't last long though."

But it did last, for Dora made resolutions; and commencing that night she put them into practice. The plan was to work diligently all morning, then prepare a dainty lunch, and devote the afternoon to her beloved art.

With this change came love and peace to the Atwell family, and Dora gradually became contented. She had found the secret of true nobility in following out the words of the poem.

"Be good, sweet maid, let those who will be clever,  
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song."

*Lulia Craven.*

### Grandpa's Story.

"Now, grandpa, we are all here, and we'll every one be as quiet as a mouse if you will tell us a story before we go to bed," said little Nell as she placed an affectionate arm around her grandfather's neck.

"So you want grandpa to tell you a story tonight, do you? Well let me see what kind do you want?" he said glancing at the happy group around his chair.

"One about the war," shouted the boys in a chorus.

"You've said you would tell us a story about you and grandma, for a long time, grandpa," suggested little Nell.

"All right then, my children, you shall have both stories in one. When I was a lad about nineteen years old, the Civil War commenced. Right from the beginning I had a great desire to leave Utah and join our armies in the South; but father put me off and would not consent; he said I was needed more at home than I was in the army, and besides I would get homesick and want to come home before I had been gone six weeks.

"But my father finally decided to let me go, and in the fall of '62 I started to St. Louis. From there I worked my way to the seat of the war and began fighting for my country. My com-



rade was from Pennsylvania—a young fellow a few years older than I. For two years we fought and marched together; endured the same hardships side by side; slept with canteens for our pillows, on the same wet ground. Often we were hungry and weary, but we cheered each other.

"Charles never forgot that we were fighting for 'Our Country', and if I felt disheartened or homesick he always had a word of encouragement to offer. You can see, my children, how natural it was that our friendship and love for each other should increase each day. Sometimes we told each other, in a girlish way I fancy, that we wished we would never have to part.

"But alas, dear children, sooner or later a day of parting for this life must come between all men upon the earth. So it was with Charley and me. Our day of parting came; it was while we were fighting on the battle ground of Gettysburg. Your grandfather was wounded; feel, here is the bullet in my side yet. Everything that happened that day, until just before I was removed to the hospital, has always seemed like some dreadful dream to me. Just before I was taken from the field, I remember Charles came to me and said:

"John, I have a sister who is dearer than life itself to me, and so long as I live, Nell will be all right; but, John, we never know what may befall us—I may die today—perhaps we shall never meet again on earth; but, John, if you get well and anything should happen to me, promise me, dear old boy, that you will be a friend to this orphan sister of mine?" He took my hand, I made the promise, and Charles and I said 'good-by.' As he turned to leave me I saw him hand a letter to the surgeon.

"Then I was taken to the hospital;

for weeks after that your grandfather lay unconscious in a fever, which was the effect the wound had upon my worn-out system.

"The first I can remember after leaving the battle field was of waking up early one morning to find myself in a soft, white bed which was near a big, open window. I gazed out of the window, then about the room; the past was a blank and everything seemed strange and new. Suddenly a door softly opened and a sweet-faced, slender girl, wearing a white cap and apron, stepped near the bed.

"The face looked familiar to me, and no wonder my children, for this girl proved to be Charles' sister; and brother and sister could not look more alike than did my friend Charles and his sister Nell.

"Well, we soon got acquainted; the letter Charles gave to the surgeon was for Nell, telling her who I was, and asking her, for the sake of the love her brother bore me, to do all she could for my comfort.

"But poor Charles, that was the last letter he ever wrote to his sister, for on that very day his life was sacrificed for his country. Nell carried out her brother's last wishes, yes fully as well as Charles himself would have done, for it was only through her kind, loving care and watching that your grandpa's life was saved.

"And now, my dears, can you guess who this dear Nell is?" said Grandpa as he glanced over his spectacles at his dear old wife who was busily knitting.

The children evidently "guessed" for as little Nell kissed Grandma goodnight she seemed more loving than common and whispered "O, Grandma, I am so glad Grandpa went to the Civil War,

for if he hadn't may be I'd have had some other grandma instead of you."

*Pearl Udall.*

### THE BOYS WHO DISOBEYED THEIR FATHER.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Casper and ten-year-old Johnny Fisk felt quite important last summer during vacation from school. They were the only boys in the family, and this was the first summer their father had got along with the haying without hired help. These little boys were very clever fellows, so their mother and sisters had good cause for feeling a little proud of them, and I think we can very easily excuse Johnny and Casper for feeling somewhat important, especially at mealtimes, when they would come marching into the house, go and wash themselves and comb their hair and then take their seats at the table, when Mama would sometime speak up to the girls in the kitchen: "Girls, hurry up, please, the men-folks are all ready!"

Brother Fisk was a man that always took good care of his animals, and his horses would act very spirited at times; and it was the boys' greatest delight to take their turns in driving the horses to and from the field, their father of course being with them to take the lines whenever necessary. One day, when getting towards the end of the hay season the father had to be at the court house to serve as witness on some important case tried at court, and to be there at ten o'clock in the morning. Accordingly they arose quite early that morning and got a load of hay home before time for the court to open. They then put the horses in the stable with their harness

on. While doing so little Johnny spoke up and asked if he and Casper might not go and get a little load of hay while their papa would be gone.

"No, no, dearest children," said the father, "don't try to do that; the horses might run away with you, and you might get killed. No; you look after the water on the lot and play and rest yourselves, and when I come back we can go and get another load towards evening."

This disappointed the boys a little, and after dinner they began to get lonesome. Presently little Casper spoke up: "Johnny, Pa never touched the lines yesterday when I drove down in the field, nor in coming home!"

"Well," said Johnny, "what of it! Pa has not touched the lines for me for nearly a whole week; and we could have gone for a load of hay just as well as not. I could pitch and you could have loaded; and see, will you, how cloudy it is getting. I believe it is going to rain; and look at yonder stack—only half done."

Well, the result of their talk was that they forgot the many kind lessons received from their parents and teachers, and went to work and hitched the team to the wagon; and though their conscience told them they were disobeying their father, they excused themselves with the thought that if it rained it would spoil the hay; and that it would more than make up for their disobedience if they brought a small load home.

The stackyard was quite removed from the dwelling house and the county road running to the meadows led in the opposite direction; so they were never noticed to leave by the folks at the house. In a very few minutes they were at the outskirts of the town, and had just crossed the railroad track when the

train pulled in. Four-year-old Molly noticed the coming of the train very quickly and began to get quite nervous. Johnny wanted to get away as far as possible before the blowing of the whistle at the road-crossing, so he gave free reins to the animals. But just then the whistle blew and that together with the rattling of the loose boards on the hay-rack made a terrible noise, and the already frightened horses tore away down the road with wagon, boys and all. The boys for awhile hung on to a rack stick on either side of the wagon; but at the first good sized rock the wheels on Casper's side struck, the poor little fellow was thrown away out to one side of the road and very luckily only received a scratch on his nose.

"O Lord! have mercy on my darling brother!" he cried with all the strength he possessed, as he threw himself on his knees and saw the wagon disappear away down the road. He then ran as fast as he ever ran in his life the four or five blocks to the house. On going in he nearly frightened his mother and sisters to death, being bloody all over his face from the scratch on his nose. When Casper had finally told his story his mother was nearly overcome with fear and anxiety for her dear boy Johnny. The sisters ran in nearly every direction and in a very few minutes several men were seen galloping down the road. Someone hearing Brother Fisk was at the court house ran that way and would likely have rushed right into the court room, but was luckily intercepted by the janitor, who went quietly in and told Brother Fisk what had happened. The latter did not lose many minutes in reaching home and was filled with joy at finding the two boys there—both entirely overcome with grief and humiliation. Johnny explained as soon as he could

that he had been thrown out at the crossing of a ditch a few blocks farther down the road from the place his brother fell, striking the ground on his forehead, but recovering from the shock in a minute or two he thought the best thing he could do was to go and look for his brother. He met the men on the road and they told him to go right home, where he would find Casper.

In a very short time the men returned with the one horse, they having found that the double-tree had broken soon after Johnny had been thrown out, and the wagon was left standing in the road. Old Pete, who was ordinarily a sensible horse, after getting detached from Molly had settled down to feed in the field. But Molly, poor, frightened animal, had kept on kicking against the singletree until she had nearly broken one leg.

The boys felt so bad that the father never had the heart to even refer to the matter. Next morning when the boys presented themselves at the breakfast table with two black eyes and a scratched nose, respectively, it was hard work for the sisters to keep from having a little fun. The boys say they will never forget this lesson, and declare that they know it was only through the mercy and power of God that their lives were spared.

*C. N. S.*

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## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE next morning, Tommy complained of a sore throat.

"Mama," he said, "I got a sore throat."

The mother and father exchanged glances of fearful foreboding. But the mother answered the little one cheerfully:

"Never mind, Tommy. We'll get some oil and pray for you."

After the ordinance, the mother was compelled to take her way to the wash-house as there was no one else to do the neglected washing. All that day Tommy played about, yet the quick ears of his parents detected the harsh note creeping into the sweet voice, while the breath came more and more huskily.

In the afternoon, the mother begged to be allowed to move out of the little house on the hill, fearing that the rank and rotting vegetation from the rice fields below had sent up the death-dealing microbes which had robbed her of one treasure and was now threatening the other.

After consulting the president of the Mission, a bed room in the old building in the middle of the yard was given up by two of the Elders, and the little family moved over to other quarters.

Again the father besought the Exile to come and administer to the child, and cheerfully yet sadly his wish was complied with. After the ordinance was over, the mother followed the Exile outside the door and asked:

"Brother Hale, how do you feel about Tommy?"

There was no reply for some moments. The kind, dark eyes were studiously averted, and the anxious mother did not see the tears which dimmed them.

"While there is life there is hope," answered the Exile at last.

The mother did not scream or faint; people rarely act so in real life. But the pang of despair which darted through her heart at the mournful utterance of her friend was the arrow shot by the hands of death. She knew that her child must die! Without a word she turned away and hurried to the bedside of her boy and said cheerfully, "Tom-

my, would you like to go to the beach tomorrow?"

She was determined to fight the good cause of hope and faith with all her strength. And above all, she resolved that Tommy should not see upon her face the gloom and tears which so often sadden the dear, dying ones.

The next morning, the little procession set forth; alone with themselves, as usual. The father drawing the little cracker-box wagon in which Tommy rode, with Mary trotting by the side of Mama, who carried Joey in her arms.

The day was spent on the promontory; Tommy played about part of the time, cheerful but weak, gathering shells and pebbles and piling them up in his mother's lap. The father read stories to them, and Mary followed the tottering steps of baby Joey, while she listened to the stories read by Papa.

They stood for a long time on the sharp rocks on the edge of the promontory, looking down with eager delight upon a tiny bay of clear, deep water, which just here, permitted them to see into the very bed of the ocean. They could see the monstrous crabs clinging to the rocks, and black, shiny, spotted shells, also held close to the rocks by the inmates of the glossy houses. Fish sailed lazily about or darted here and there with a quick fling. The black, sharp, coral rocks of the promontory, as well as the white pebbles on the floor of the ocean, all were as visible as if no fathom of blue, quiet water stood above their beauty and peace.

Then Papa Argyle took them to the other side where the water dashed in great leaps against the rocks, beating and breaking into white foamy spray as the white capped waves rolled ceaselessly in from the coral reef outside the harbor.

How jagged and cruel the sharp, high crags looked to the mother's eye! But she would not sadden the children by telling them of the pictures of shipwrecks and death which this boiling, seething sea called up to her mind. This mother wisely refrained from telling any stories or painting any pictures of evil and misery for her children; they must have only the bright and cheerful side of nature shown them; life itself would bring all the clouds necessary to dull their sunlight of peace and hope.

Thirty-six hours later, the parents and the Exile were gathered once more about a dying bed.

The father had sent the word to the Mission House at breakfast time that Tommy was dying.

Little Ina, who had been kept in partial ignorance of the sickness of her beloved companion, heard the word given by the Elder.

"What is it, Mama? Is it Tommy?"

Her mother could not answer for grief.

The child slipped down, and without tasting a mouthful, she curled down on her mother's lounge and wept bitterly and long.

About the bed stood the parents to whom the entrance of their brother, the Exile, came as a stay and a support.

Together they watched the breath faint and fail upon the sweet lips of the baby, as his eyes dimmed to the trials of mortality and opened to the glories of the eternal!

"Come, sit down, dear friends," said the Exile, after the first burst of grief was spent; "I want to tell you something."

The three sat down on the old couch, and the Exile began:

"I had a dream, or so we will call it, about a month ago. I dreamed that I went over to the little graveyard on the

hill, and I saw Kekowoha digging a grave; I went up and looking in, I said to him, 'Kekowoha, why did you dig this grave so large?' 'I made a mistake, sir, and got it a foot too wide.' 'Can't you dig it wide enough for two.' I asked. When I awoke, I was weeping like a child. The influence was so powerful that I was completely overcome. I awakened my wife, and told her my dream, and we were both very troubled over it. I watched eagerly for news from Utah for I feared another of my children, or even two of them, were to be taken from me. But the mails came and brought the news that all were well at home, and I ceased to worry or even to remember my dream. When Allan died and we took the little fellow's body up to the hillside, and I saw Kekowoha standing there, my dream flashed up before me. I hastened to the grave; it was too wide! I repeated the words of my dream, and Kekowoha repeated the words he had said in my dream. I knew then that the grave would have to hold two; and I knew, too, why the Lord had sent me that dream. It was to show me that He wanted your two children. I wanted to tell you this, my dear friends, so that you, too, may draw comfort from the thought that God has taken your little ones for a wise purpose in Himself. Not for any lack or failing on your part, but because they were needed in the heavens."

It was a comfort to the bruised and bleeding hearts! And oh, how they needed it!

They made for Tommy, a dear little suit like that which had clothed his brother Allan, and he was laid in the same grave with his brother Allan! Kekowoha dug the grave wide enough for the two!

But over and over the mother said in her own heart to comfort and sustain her,

"The Lord wanted them both! It is no fault or lack of mine! He wanted both my little boys! The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The sad and weary days that followed—the painful experiences—these can never be blotted out of the hearts of that stricken family. Yet, there were lessons to learn, and some were learned.

We will not dwell upon the painful lessons, but content ourselves with relating some of the results.

Almost immediately after the burial of little Tommy, Sister Hale, with her children, returned with Sister Davis to the vales of Utah.

Mrs. Argyle was then alone indeed! The trial was great for both the Argyles. How great, none but God could know! It was especially so at such a time, and under the circumstances.

The days of lonely quarantine which followed were almost unendurable. The father chafed at his enforced idleness; he read all the books in the scanty Mission library; but the mother and Mary were too restless for that. Sewing and some simple dressmaking helped them to tide over the unhappy period.

"We can never get away from God and His purposes! I came here with the sole purpose of bringing my children away from the possibility of having diphtheria, and now they have taken diphtheritic croup—the only two on the Islands that we know of who have ever had such a thing—and they are gone!"

"Is it not possible, my wife, that our motives in coming on our mission, were not as high and holy as they should have been? Have we not thought too much of ourselves, and too little of our fellow-men?"

A deep sigh was the only reply made by the mother.

Two weeks passed slowly and sadly away.

One evening, Mrs. Argyle put a clean apron on the baby, and calling Mary, the three started on the path to the mill.

"Mama, there is Meenie Madsen. Can she go with us down to the mill?"

"No," was on the mother's lips; but the spirit struggling within her withheld the selfish refusal, and she said gently, "Yes, dear you can take Meenie if you like."

As the little girl joined them, Mrs. Argyle looked gravely at the other child. Meenie looked up at her, with modest yet frank blue eyes, and as the two children sped along the path laughing and chattering, the mother's heart smote her for the selfish past she had lived. Her child hungered for childish companionship, and she had denied her so much.

As they neared the mill, Brother Argyle came out in his shirt sleeves, wet with perspiration, yet pleased to see his wife approaching.

"Well, well, here you are! I am just ready to go, Jane, if you will wait till I get my coat."

Back through the green fields they slowly took their way, and the mother confided to her husband the thought which weighed heavy on her heart.

"Thomas, I am going to write home for my mother. Your sugar-boiling is over, you will have to get out on the Islands, preaching, I will be left alone, and oh, I am so lonesome!"

"Send for her, Jane, by all means. If she will come, it will be a blessing all around. Your sister Maidie will spare your mother, I'm sure, and it will be a great good to you."

And so the letter was written, and



duly received by kind Grandma Howe in Utah.

The month of waiting slipped by, and at last the dear grandmother, with her loving, unselfish ways, her beautiful presence and her sweet, tender sympathy, was with them once more.

With her came a lovely young bride for one of the Elders; he had left her at home to go out upon his mission; and now she came to him to spend a few weeks before his release to return home.

To Mary, life was lonely. The child loved music, companions and fun. And her guitar and the society of her parents with baby Joey was practically all the companionship she had.

But Mary was a philosophic little soul, and what she could not get she did not fret about. One thing she could always do, and that was to make music; singing all the day, her sweet, bird-like voice drove many dark thoughts from her mother's mind, when the child was perfectly unconscious of the missionary labor she was performing.

"What would you do without Mary, Jane?" said Grandma Howe. "She is such a help to you in many ways. And she is so blithe and gay. She keeps the home sunny with her song and chatter."

The mother looked yearningly at Mary, who sat running the machine for Grandma Howe, who, was making some tiny slips and dresses.

"I don't dare to cling to anything human any more," answered the mother sadly.

"Well now, Jane, you must cheer up and trust in the Lord implicitly. He says His anger is kindled against none save those who will not acknowledge His hand in all things."

"I do acknowledge His hand, Mother; but I can't quite understand it, yet."

"We've kept the Word of Wisdom, Grandma," piped up Mary, who was old beyond her years, "and we don't drink tea nor coffee."

Grandma Howe adjusted her spectacles and wiped her eyes quietly before answering,

"I know that, dear child. But the promise there given means that when the plagues come, you shall be spared; not that no one shall ever die who keeps that law. Why, death, disease, and suffering are a part of our mortal experience. We must not expect to escape them wholly."

Mrs. Argyle listened attentively; a new truth was dawning upon her mind. New to her, but old as the world, and understood by all highly intelligent souls.

*Homespun.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE YOUNGEST SON.

[A reflection by One of His Brothers.]

Now, when it comes to gettin' what other folks can't get,

An' when it comes to doin' what other folks ain't let

An' takin' turns the longest, by rubbin' of your eyes,

An' scoopin' all the pennies an' all the saucer-pies,

An' seein' some one bigger get licked for what you've did—

A feller can't help wishin' he was the littlest kid! But when you think of taggin', an' findin' folks has run,

An' bein' told it's bedtime, no matter what's the fun,

An' takin' mumps an' measles, an' wearin' girls' clothes,

An' never goin' nowhere except when mother goes,

An' learnin' all the lessons of what us boys is rid— Then's when a chap's as willin' he ain't the littlest kid!

*Catherine Young Glen, in St. Nicholas.*

\* \* THE \* \*

**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SEMI-MONTHLY, - \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.**

AMONG late news from the east comes the statement that two young men named Heneck and Hundhausen recently followed a former friend and school-mate from a little Missouri town to Chicago, and butchered him in a brutal manner. After their capture they confessed that in a spirit of bravado taught them by dime novel heroes, they had taken up a vendetta against their victim, and had slain him for some supposed crime committed by his father against the brother of one of the murderers thirteen years before. Their satchels were filled with specimens of this class of literature, and they had also with them a large store of pistols, knives and belts.

This is not the only dreadful case of the kind recently chronicled by the press. We wish it were, but unfortunately there are many other young people who are being led astray by the false examples of manhood and womanhood set before them not only by publications of the class above mentioned but in current literature, the authors of which would feel themselves insulted if their productions were classed with the dime novel. We have reason to believe that the influence of such books as these young men had been reading has been felt much nearer home than Missouri or

Chicago, not to as great an extent possibly but sufficiently to emphasize on the minds of parents and teachers the necessity of warning the young of the falsity of the pictures of life usually depicted in these publications and the utter unworthiness of the ideals that are there held up for their inexperienced admiration.

There is another class of pernicious literature, more subtle and in some directions more dangerous, that finds an easier access to the homes of the Latter-day Saints. We refer to those publications, mostly pretended newspapers, that make business of ridiculing holy things and more especially of attacking the principles of the Gospel and the lives of its adherents. Such papers can unfortunately and somewhat inconsistently be found in the homes of many members of the Church. Parents who would never for one moment be injudicious enough to leave open and unmarked packages of poison scattered around their homes within reach of their little children have no qualms of conscience in carrying to their homes and placing in the hands of their sons and daughters these soul-destroying publications. We do not affirm or pretend that every one who reads such literature apostatizes from the truth, but many have done so, and still more have lost confidence in their brethren until their state of mind became such that they were useless in advancing the cause of truth and righteousness. The influence of what they read so filled their minds with doubt and wonder that they grew unstable as water and were entirely at sea as to what was true and what was false. Men have been known to repeat a lie of their own invention so often that eventually they firmly believed it themselves. If this be true of the authors of the falsehood, what of others

who have no knowledge of the creation of the lie, and only know of its iteration and reiteration day by day and month by month!

Those who constantly read falsehoods against the servants of God cannot help but be influenced for evil thereby. All untruths of such a character cannot be profitably denied in the public prints, nor is there time enough to combat the flood of lies against the truth and against God's servants that from time to time overspreads the public press. The leaders of Israel would have time for little else should they undertake such a task. The interests of God's Kingdom would remain neglected while they were repelling individual assaults or correcting personal falsehoods. But that is not the point. The point to which we wish to draw attention is the injury we do ourselves by tampering with such spiritual poison. If he is foolish who puts a poison into his mouth to steal away his brains, how much more foolish is he who fills his heart with falsehood which undermines his spiritual health and imperils his soul's salvation! It is a most pertinent case of "little by little." The man or woman who reads this ingeniously woven fabric of falsehood or venom at the first reading feels disgraced or angered. But curiosity, that potent cause of so much of this world's mischief, induces a desire for a second reading. An appetite for such pabulum is excited, and no matter how our nearest friends may be belied or the holiest things of our hearts' affections be traduced or ridiculed, we must read it. It is like eating the arsenic and other poisons, the appetite grows with that it feeds upon. And as has been said of vice by one of the poets, at first it is a monster of such

hideous mien, we loathe, despise and abhor it,

"But seen too oft, familiar grows its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Little by little this transition takes place until the faithful servant or hand-maiden of the Lord is like a ship on the ocean without compass or rudder when a storm arises, "tossed to and fro by every wind;" he or she knows not what to believe or disbelieve. Some, it is certain, is false, but the ingenious argument is advanced that "where there is so much smoke there must be some fire;" consequently some of the vile assertions may possibly have a foundation in truth, and an enervating condition of spiritual doubt is created, which throws a cloud over the life and unfits the man, as a Saint, for the duties of his calling. He becomes neither hot nor cold and is but ill fitted for the Master's use. More than once the Savior has declared, "If ye are not one ye are not mine;" and how can a man be one with his brethren whom he doubts and suspects and whom he is afraid is guilty of many improprieties, inconsistencies and follies! Such a one stands in perilous places, his safety is in a change of position,—in other words he must change his course of life and seek sources of inspiration which will give him strength and comfort, confidence and faith, and then all will be well with him. Otherwise the danger increases as the days roll by, and eventually the doubter in his brethren becomes the denier of his God.

Before leaving this subject we desire to refer to another matter connected with what our people read which, though in a very different way, has sometimes pained us. We refer to the inclination in some of our young story writers to introduce as characters in their tales the leaders of Latter-day Israel, both living and de-

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ceased. This objection of ours may be considered only a matter of taste, but we think we have a right to object when we find men whom in life we loved and whose memories we revere made in these stories to say things and to do things which in life, had such circumstances arisen as those described by the story writer, they would never have said or done. We believe such passages do a wrong to these brethren who have passed beyond the veil to their great reward, whose memories we should hold most precious; as precious as our own individual characters.

### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL JUBILEE.

THE general jubilee celebration commemorative of the establishment of the Sunday Schools of the Latter-day Saints, in the Rocky Mountains, was held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday evening, October 8, 1899, this year being the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the first Sunday School in Utah.

The large Tabernacle was filled to its utmost capacity, before the opening hour, chiefly by Sunday School workers, and very many people were unable to gain ingress. In addition to the general decorations of the building, there were placed in prominent positions large portraits of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, and Presidents Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow; also a heroic bust picture of Richard Ballantyne; life size portraits of General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, President Joseph F. Smith,

Elders George Goddard, John Morgan, and most of the members of the quorum of the Apostles and Deseret Sunday School Union Board. Besides the general and Stake officers of the Sunday School organization in places reserved, there were also seats reserved for and occupied by those who had been members of the first Sunday School, those who had been Sunday School workers forty-five, forty, thirty-five, thirty and twenty-five years, and for the husbands, wives and children of member of the first Sunday School, and reciters, from different nations, of the Articles of Faith, prize winners, awarding committees, the blind and deaf representatives; also the families of the late Elders Richard Ballantyne, George Goddard and John Morgan.

On the stand were of the general authorities of the Church: Presidents Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith; Patriarch John Smith; members of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith, Heber J. Grant, George Teasdale, Anthon H. Lund, Matthias F. Cowley, Abraham O. Woodruff and Rudger Clawson; members of the first Council of Seventies, Seymour B. Young, C. D. Fjeldsted, George Reynolds, J. Golden Kimball, Rulon S. Wells and Joseph W. McMurrin, and presiding Bishop Wm. B. Preston.

Of the Deseret Sunday School Union officers there were: George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, assistant general superintendent; George Reynolds, general treasurer; George D. Pyper, general secretary; and Leo Hunsaker, assistant general secretary; of the members of the Sunday School Union general board, George Q. Cannon, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi

W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Joseph M. Tanner, George Teasdale and Joseph F. Smith; aids to the general board, L. John Nuttall, Jas. W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John M. Mills, Wm. B. Bougall, Wm. D. Owen and Seymour B. Young.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon presided.

At 7 p. m. Held's Military Band, which had kindly volunteered its services for the occasion, and which occupied a place in front of the choir seats, played an overture by Suppe, "Poet and Peasant."

At 7:20 p. m. General Superintendent George Q. Cannon announced the opening hymn, "Our God, we raise to Thee," which was sung by the Tabernacle Choir and the congregation, under the leadership of Prof. Evan Stephens, Prof. Jos. J. Daynes being the organist.

Prayer was offered by Assistant General Superintendent Karl G. Maeser.

The Tabernacle Choir sang the hymn, "For the strength of the hills we bless Thee."

The roll of Stakes in the Church was then called by Secretary George D. Pyper, there being present representatives from all the forty Stakes of Zion, as follows: Alberta, Bannock, Bear Lake, Beaver, Bingham, Box Elder, Cache, Cassia, Davis, Emery, Fremont, Juab, Juarez, Kanab, Malad, Maricopa, Milard, Morgan, Oneida, Panguitch, Parowan, Pocatello, Salt Lake, San Juan, San Luis, Sanpete, Sevier, Snowflake, St. George, St. John, St. Joseph, Star Valley, Summit, Tooele, Uintah, Wasatch, Utah, Wayne, Weber and Woodruff.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon then spoke as follows:

"It is gratifying to know that every

Stake has a representative here this evening.

"I am sure that every one present must be profoundly impressed with this assemblage of people this evening. Of the many sights we have had of a gratifying character, connected with the Sunday Schools, this certainly excels them all. It is exceedingly delightful to see the interest that is taken by the whole people in this grand work. The Sunday School has become an institution that is very dear to the hearts of this entire people. Every day that passes impresses its importance more and more on the minds of all. All parents who have right conceptions concerning the future of their children, feel a deep and abiding interest in the Sunday School. The Sunday School Union board has very little occasion to find fault with the management of the Sunday Schools, or with the lack of interest manifested by those who ought to take interest in it. Everybody recognizes the value of the Sunday School, and of its teachings, but there remains a great deal yet to be done. As Sunday School workers we should not be content until we have brought all the children of the land into the Sunday School and under its influence, so that these little fellows that now grow wild may be humanized and made to feel the responsibility that will rest upon them when they grow to manhood. I am sure that everyone that labors in the Sunday School feels the importance of training their children and getting them to observe the Sabbath day and to refrain from visiting the street corners, behaving rudely and boisterously, or going fishing or hunting on the day which has been set apart by the Almighty for His worship, and which ought to be sacred in all our hearts. Our children should be impressed with

the sacredness of this day. I hope to see the time when we shall have less of this unruly element in our streets and in our homes, and when our children shall become students in the Sunday School. The Sunday School is dear to the hearts of those children who do attend. They feel interested in it, and the influence of our teaching in the Sunday School is going to make, it may be said, a new generation. It is but a few years from childhood to manhood, and in our hands, Sunday School teachers and superintendents, is the formation of the character of the rising generation. As we impress them with the proper feelings and thoughts and teach them correct habits, so will they grow up to manhood and womanhood, and their influence will be felt for good wherever they move.

"I pray God to bless this Sunday School movement, to bless every man and woman who labors in this cause and who devotes himself and herself to the promotion of righteousness in the midst of the rising generation. I ask this blessing in the name of Jesus. Amen."

Elder Francis M. Lyman read the paper published elsewhere in this issue under the heading "Brief Review of the Sunday School Movement."

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon next introduced the members of the first Sunday School, saying:

"On the left of the stand are the surviving members of the first Sunday School, of which we have heard a description by Elder Lyman, and the roll will be called. The original roll, if there ever was one, cannot be found, but, after years of inquiry, a number of those who were members of that school have been found, and their names are enrolled and will be read by the secre-

tary, and, as they are read, we wish each member to arise and say, 'Present.' If there are any who are absent, whose names are called, Brother Summerhays will explain the cause of their absence. Then badges will be given to them."

Secretary George D. Pyper called the roll of members of the first Sunday School which is as follows, with present addresses of those still living and date of death of those deceased:

Richard Ballantyne, died November 8th, 1898; Angus M. Cannon, Salt Lake City; Joseph J. Taylor, Manti, Utah; Jacob Peart, Farmers' Ward, Salt Lake County; Mary Ann Taylor, died in California about ten years ago; Emily Hoagland Cannon, Salt Lake City; Henry Horne, Mesa City, Arizona; Adelia West Hoagland, Salt Lake City; John T. Rich, died in Brigham City, a year or two ago; John Turnbow, Kamas, Summit Co., Utah; George J. Taylor, Salt Lake City; David H. Cannon, St. George, Utah; James Phelps, went to Australia in 1836, never returned; Martha Van Cott Price, Goshen, Utah; Elizabeth Hoagland Cannon, died January 25th, 1882; Margaret Oakley Best, Salt Lake City; Joseph S. Horne, Richfield, Utah; Richard Taylor, Ogden, Utah; Elizabeth Pugmire Taylor, Salt Lake City; Sophronia Ellen Leonora Turnbow Carter, St. George, Utah; Ann Longstroth Whitney, Mendon, Utah, wife of John Whitney; Augusta Braddock Clayton, Salt Lake City, wife of the late Wm. Clayton; George A. Peart, Randolph, Utah; Lydia Phelps Thorp, Salt Lake City; R. Frank Turnbow, Farmers' Ward; Samuel H. B. Smith, Salt Lake City.

Those who responded as present were: Angus M. Cannon, Jacob Peart, Emily Hoagland Cannon, Adelia West Hoagland, George J. Taylor, David H. Cannon, Martha Van Cott Price, Mar-



garet Oakley Best, Joseph S. Horne, Elizabeth Pugmire Taylor, Augusta Brad-dock Clayton, Lydia Phelps Thorp, and Samuel H. B. Smith.

Special badges had been prepared for these brethren and sisters, and they were pinned upon them by a committee composed of the daughters of the members of this first school.

Elder Angus M. Cannon a member of the first school, spoke as follow:

"The impression made upon my mind this evening, compared with my attendance at the first Sabbath School, is very great. There may have been fifty scholars in the original Sabbath School during the time that it was held in Brother Ballantyne's house, but if there were a dozen persons present when the class was formed, I fail to remember it. The Fourteenth Ward was fenced with poles around the entire ward, bars being placed at the entrance of each street. Brother Ballantyne's house was new, and was made very comfortable with benches constructed hastily for our accommodation. Brother Ballantyne's soul was swallowed up in the good effects that this school would have upon the youth of this people; and I will say the impressions that were created upon my mind regarding the object that God has in calling us from the world unto Zion was marked and has helped to shape my character up to the present time.

"We were familiar with poverty. The meeting house that was occupied in this city stood on the southeast corner of this block, known as the mud-covered bowery, constructed of Spanish adobies, one foot by eighteen inches in size. The meeting place we occupied in the Fourteenth Ward was in the house of Dr. Richardson, a little log hut. The meeting house we occupied in the Seventh

Ward was Samuel Pitchforth's residence, where testimony meetings were held, and faith in God was promoted in our hearts. We rejoiced in the testimony that God gave us of His truth, having been informed by Brother Ballantyne that God had indeed restored the Gospel, established His Priesthood among men, called us from darkness unto light, from the world unto Zion, and that we were not to be of the world, but that we were to be the children of God, under the everlasting covenant; being taught that Joseph the Prophet, and Hyrum, his brother, had been martyred for the testimony of Jesus, and that we should be devoted to His cause, deny ourselves luxuries, be content with the necessities of life, living in houses constructed by our industry, and possessing sufficient comfort to promote our health and give us strength, that we might cultivate these then barren wastes, procure the necessities of life, carry the Gospel to a dark and benighted world, proclaiming that God has spoken from heaven for the regeneration of mankind, and to teach us that He was our Heavenly Father, and that our destiny was to become His children and enter into His celestial presence.

"How faithfully Brother Ballantyne's testimony has been observed in the increase of Sunday Schools, is evidenced tonight in the number that are here assembled. And when I remember that God has promised us this increase and prosperity, and still greater increase and prosperity, provided we are loyal to Him, every fibre of my being seems to enter in with my whole soul to pledge God loyalty, to observe faithfully, to pay my tithes and offerings unto Him, in hope that He will give my children faith and make them firm supporters of His work in the establishment of His Gospel as

He has revealed it and restored His Priesthood in these the last days.

"I thank you for this opportunity, and for the honor conferred upon me, and pray God's blessing to be upon the general superintendency, the superintendents, the teachers and the scholars, and all the associations of Zion throughout the whole world, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

"Zion's Sunday School Jubilee Hymn," (words and music written for this occasion) was sung by the Tabernacle Choir.

Then followed the presentation of the gold medal awarded to Emily H. Woodmansee for the best hymn; also gold medal to the Rev. W. Daunt Scott, for the best musical composition.

The presentation was made by Elder Heber J. Grant of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, who spoke as follows:

"A committee consisting of John Nicholson, Joshua H. Paul and George H. Brimhall was selected by the Sunday School Union board to examine all hymns that were submitted in this competition and to decide upon the best composition. The committee were unanimous in awarding the gold medal for the words of this hymn to Sister Emily H. Woodmansee.

"The committee appointed to examine the music and make the award for the best musical composition consisted of Arthur Shepherd, Anthony Lund and Squire Coop. They were unanimous in awarding the gold medal to Rev. W. Daunt Scott."

The Sunday School Union always has endeavored to get the best possible results by giving medals and prizes for musical compositions, and it gives me much pleasure, on behalf of the board, to present these medals to Sister Emily H. Woodmansee and to Rev. W. Daunt Scott."

The medals were pinned upon the prize winners by Mary Alice Hoagland Cannon and Maggie Peart Cardall.

A Polyglot recitation of the Articles of Faith was then given under the direction of Elder George Teasdale of the Deseret Sunday School Union board. In this recitation a number of persons representing different nationalities dressed in the native costume, recited in the native tongue the Articles of Faith. On opening this exercise, Elder Teasdale read a portion of the 107th Psalm.

The recitation of the Articles of Faith was in the following order:

Recitation of Article 1 in German, by Gustave Weileman and Lena Dana, Swiss and German representatives from Bear Lake Stake.

Recitation of Article 2 in Danish, by Christian T. Nelson and Jensenna M. Anderson, Danish representatives from Sevier Stake.

Recitation of Article 3 in Spanish, by S. C. Richardson and Pearl Whiting, representatives from Juarez Stake, Mexico.

Recitation of Article 4 in Lamanitish tongue (Shoshone), by Ammon Pubigee and Willie Ottogary, American Indians, representatives from Malad Stake; then in the Maori language, by Hirini Whaanga and Mere Whaanga, Maoris, representatives from Salt Lake Stake; in Samoan language, by Angus Alston Jr., and Tessie Garn, representatives of Salt Lake Stake, who had been on missions to the Samoan Islands; in Kanaka by Henry Halemanu and Hannah Kaaepa, Hawaiians, representatives from Iosepa Colony; in Tahitian, by Eugene Cannon and Frank Cutler, representatives from Salt Lake Stake, who had been on missions to the Society Islands.

Recitation of Article 5 in Swedish, by David Holmgreen and Emma S. Jensen,

Swedish representatives from Box Elder Stake.

Recitation of Article 6 in Dutch, by Kryn Van and Maggie Abels, natives of the Netherlands, representatives from Weber Stake.

Recitation of Article 7 in Welsh, by Elders David L. Davis and Evan Stephens, representatives from Salt Lake Stake.

Recitation of Article 8 in French, by Xavier Sager and Marie Antoinette Lang, French representatives from Salt Lake Stake.

Italian, representatives had been assigned Article 9 for recitation in Italian, but they failed to respond and the article was read in English by Elder Teasdale.

Recitation of Article 10 in Norwegian, by Leonard Willardson and Eleanor Olson, Norwegian representatives from Sanpete Stake.

Recitation of Article 11 in Icelandic, Loftar Bjarnason and Dena Bjarnason, Icelanders, representatives from Utah Stake.

Recitation of Article 12 in Turkish, by Philip Maycock and Alice Howarth, representatives from Salt Lake Stake, the first named having been on a mission to Turkey.

Recitation of Article 13 in Celtic, by Wm. A. Morton and companion, Irish representatives from Salt Lake Stake; then in Scotch dialect, by Robert Hogg and Nettie Durrant, Scotch representatives from Morgan Stake; and in English, by David Jeffs and Sister Hyde, American, (United States), representatives from Davis Stake, by Roger Horrocks and Sarah Roberts, English representatives from Wasatch Stake, and by Ezra C. Robinson and Zina Y. Card, Canadian representatives from Alberta Stake.

Elder Teasdale then stated that, in

addition to the nations that had been represented in the recitation of the Articles of Faith the Gospel had been preached in other lands, as follows:

Isle of Man, Channel Islands, Finland, Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, Belgium, Friendly Islands, Marquesas Islands, Tuamotu Islands, Cook Archipelago, Leeward Islands, Austral Islands, Palestine, Turkey in Europe, Danubian principalities, Spain, Hindustan, Malta, Africa, China, Siam, Chili, East Indies, West Indies, Greece, Philippines, Japan and other countries.

All of those who had taken part in the recitation of the Articles of Faith then responded in unison to the following invitation from Elder Teasdale:

"Now we will repeat in concert what has brought this all about, this wonderful gathering from the north, south, east and west, by a recitation of the sixth and seventh verses of the fourteenth chapter of Revelation, in the English language, by the the representatives of these nations." The passages recited in concert are as follows:

"6. And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.

"7. Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

When this had been done Elder Teasdale spoke to the vast assemblage as follows:

"We bear testimony that this angel has flown through the midst of heaven, and restored the everlasting Gospel thus bringing to pass the gathering of this people, whom God hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, gathered from

the north, south, east and west, and brought to the marvelous light of His everlasting Gospel: and this wonderful, immense, assemblage of people gathered here tonight, to the glory of God, our Eternal Father, has been accomplished by the visitation of this angel and the restoration of the Everlasting Gospel. To God and the Lamb be all glory, forever and ever. Amen."

It was announced that the Deaf Mute Sunday School was on the program for the recitation of the Lord's Prayer, but the school was quarantined owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever. Instead of this exercise the assistant superintendent of the Deaf Mute and Blind Sunday School, Elder Laron Pratt, of Salt Lake City, gave, in the deaf mute sign language, the hymn, "O, my Father" which was vocalized by his daughter, Maude Pratt-Griggs, who sang the hymn in the English language.

President George Q. Cannon then stated that the school for the blind being quarantined also, on account of scarlet fever, the members could not be present, but in place thereof, Elder Joseph Hodgins, blind from his birth, read from the 29th chapter of Isaiah, the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 18th and 19th verses. The reading was from a Bible for the blind, the reader following the raised letters with his fingers.

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon then introduced in order the Sunday School officers and teachers who had been in service for 25, 30, 35, 40, and 45 years, respectively, and badges were pinned on the breast of those present by daughters of members of the first Sunday School.

While the badges were being distributed a selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti, was played by Held's Military Band.

President Lorenzo Snow then briefly addressed the vast congregation as follows:

"I wish that I had words to express my astonishment at what I have witnessed during the accomplishment of this program. I feel in my heart to say, God bless the Sunday School Union, and all who have taken part in pushing forward its interests. In all my travels through the world I have never seen anything that delighted me more than that which I have witnessed this evening. Your superintendent, President George Q. Cannon—I ask that the Lord will pour His Holy Spirit upon him abundantly in the future, as He has done in the past, in carrying forward the interests of this grand and glorious Sunday School work. Nothing can be shown in the world like that that has been shown tonight. God bless every person who has been engaged in the interests of the Sunday Schools—the superintendents, the aids, and everyone that has thus been employed, God bless them. He most assuredly has blessed them, and a success has been accomplished that is certainly wonderful. God bless the Sunday School Union. Amen."

President Joseph F. Smith also addressed the meeting as follows:

"It is said somewhere in the good old book that there is nothing new under the sun. That which we have witnessed here this evening comes about as near being a contradiction of this scripture as anything I ever have seen. We will not dispute the language of the wise man in relation to this matter. We will be contented with saying that it is something that is new under the electric lights. The repetition of the "Articles of Faith" in nineteen different languages and dialects (the result of the procla-

mation of this Gospel within the last sixty years) is something of which we may well be proud. I congratulate the superintendent of the Sunday Schools and his efficient aids and assistants, on the most wonderful display that has ever been made here, this evening, of the progress that is being made in the Sunday Schools, and in this glorious effort to promulgate the truth. I can only repeat the words of our beloved President, God bless our Sunday Schools."

President George Q. Cannon then said:

"It is only proper that credit should be given to those who have done the work in preparing for this jubilee. The brethren have taken hold of this with great zeal, and, as you have seen, they have made a success of that which they have undertaken. I cannot claim any credit myself, for my other duties have absorbed my time to a great extent. Still, I have counseled and directed to some extent. The workers on the Board, however, and those who have assisted them, deserve whatever credit there is for that which we have seen and heard here tonight. I am pleased to be able to give them this meed of praise.

"I may say that the Sunday School has been very dear to me. When I returned from Europe, after filling continuous missions for a long time, I felt there was an immense field in Zion for the labors of the Elders. I had seen how few souls could be gathered abroad, and when I reflected upon the numbers of our children at home, I felt a burning desire to spend all the time I could in trying to teach them the principles of the Gospel. Upon my return, in 1864, I organized a Sunday School in the 14th Ward, and other schools were organized directly afterwards. As soon thereafter

as I could I published a little work, which I named the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has been one of the best labors that I have ever been engaged in, because I have felt that it was doing good to our children. We can see today what an immense field is spread around us, furnishing every opportunity for every one who desires to thrust in his sickle and reap.

"I am thankful to have President Snow and President Smith here to bless us, as they have tonight, and I pray that their blessings will be fulfilled, as I know they will be."

General Superintendent George Q. Cannon announced that those entitled to badges, who had not received them, could obtain them by calling on the secretary of the Sunday School Union, in the Union office in the Templeton building, Salt Lake City.

The choir and congregation, accompanied by the organ and Held's Military Band, rendered, "Gather Round the Standard Bearer."

Benediction was pronounced by Elder John B. Maiben, and as the audience dispersed Prof. Jos. J. Daynes rendered selections on the grand organ.

GEORGE D. PYPER,

General Secretary

LEO. HUNSAKER.

Reporter.

THE following circular to the Sunday School Superintendents throughout Zion was issued by the Union on October 19, 1899:

DEAR BRETHREN:—The General Sunday School Jubilee celebration, held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, October 8, 1899, proved to be an unqualified success.

OBJECT OF CELEBRATION.

The purpose of this celebration was

to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday Schools in the Rocky Mountains by the Latter-day Saints, and it was desired that a general program should be rendered during the time of the General Conference, when all the Stakes might unite in one grand jubilee. How fully and successfully this desire was realized can be attested by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

#### LOCAL CELEBRATION.

Only a small proportion of those interested in Sunday School work were able to be in attendance at the general jubilee; and, in order that all the children and workers may have an opportunity of celebrating this fiftieth Sunday School anniversary, a local program has been suggested, printed, and a number of copies sent to each school in the Church. Will you kindly distribute the quota sent you, in a careful and judicious manner, requesting all to take care of them, as they contain a picture of the house in which the first Sunday School was held, and the prize music to be sung at the local celebration, which will be held in each Sunday School, December 10th, 1899.

We respectfully call your attention to the suggestions as to the details of the local celebration, which will be found in the printed program.

#### BADGES.

It is desired that all those who did not receive badges at the General Jubilee shall, if they have been officers and teachers for not less than twenty-five years, apply to the Superintendent of their school, who will send to the General Secretary the full name and address, and the number of years engaged, with two cents postage, and the badge will be

forwarded. We also suggest the propriety of each school adopting a local badge as a souvenir of the local celebration.

#### PAPER ON SUNDAY SCHOOL HISTORY.

Referring to exercise No. 8 of the afternoon or evening session, we suggest that only a synopsis of the paper on Sunday School movement be read. The reading of the synopsis should take from five to ten minutes.

#### HISTORY AND HISTORICAL REPORTS.

If you have not already sent in your historical report, or the number of subscribers to the Sunday School History, soon to be published, kindly do so at once. Also take full and complete minutes of your local Jubilee, and preserve the same on your Sunday School record as a matter of history. It is advised that you report exceptional incidents to the public press for publication.

#### LOCAL COMMITTEES.

Lastly, appoint your jubilee committee immediately, so that your local exercises may be successfully carried out. Make the occasion of the Ward celebration one long to be remembered.

Sincerely your brethren,

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,  
THOMAS C. GRIGGS,  
LEVI W. RICHARDS,  
JOHN M. MILLS,  
GEORGE D. PYPER,

Committee on Jubilee.

#### BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVEMENT.

[The following was written for the general celebration of the Sunday School Jubilee, held at the Tabernacle, in this city, October 8th, 1899. It is a brief review of the Sunday School movement, illustrating its growth in these valleys from



its inception down to the present time; and contains a historical sketch of the organization of the first Sunday School in these mountains, in the year 1849. A portion of it appeared in a Historical Review of the Union, written by the same committee, and which was recently republished in the INSTRUCTOR. But it is thought best to give it in this entire and connected form. This is done, believing it will be much more interesting and convenient for all those who desire the information it affords. And also that it will be more likely to reach the most distant Sunday Schools in the Stakes of Zion, in time that they may avail themselves of it in preparing the programs for their local celebrations of the Jubilee on the second Sunday in next December.]

TODAY we celebrate the Jubilee of the establishment of Sunday Schools in these mountain vales. In attempting to briefly review the progress and development of the Sunday School cause among the Latter-day Saints for half a century past we cannot hope to more than glance at the most prominent events and refer to a few of the pioneers and leaders in this great work. Fifty years ago the Saints, after being driven from their homes in the East, were settled here in peace but not in a land of plenty. In search of that peace and religious liberty they had come to a land dry and barren, a land that was forbidding to all who did not put their trust in the true and living God, and show forth their faith by hard and persistent toil. Yet, amid the struggles and privations of pioneer existence, they did not forget the education of their children. But how meagre were their facilities for education then compared with those we now possess. More than three years had passed since they left their beautiful city of Nauvoo, on the banks of the Mississippi, and set their faces towards the wilderness to find a haven of rest in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. All their supplies had to be hauled by team more than a thousand miles. Their houses were

necessarily small and poorly lighted. They had but few books; and, as a people, their numbers were small.

While the Saints were in the midst of these adverse circumstances, Brother Richard Ballantyne, then in the prime of life, saw and felt the need of religious instruction being imparted to the young. When he arrived here in 1848 he settled in the Old Fort, and while still there, in the month of May, 1849, he formed the purpose of starting a Sunday School for the education of the youth in the principles of the Gospel and a knowledge of the scriptures. In speaking of this he said, "That was the main purpose, to teach them the Gospel, because I felt it was very precious to me, and I thought it would be precious to them, and it was my duty to do that." Having no suitable place in which to carry out his noble design, he determined to build one. He had a city lot in the Fourteenth Ward—now designated as the Northeast corner of First West and Third South Streets. He moved his two wagons there, and about the last of May commenced to gather materials and erect a building that was to be his home and school house. From then until early winter he labored to accomplish this purpose. The rock was hauled from Red Butte, the adobes from the old adobe yard, the lumber from Mill Creek Canyon, which he paid for by hauling the logs on shares. Excepting the doors and windows he did the work of building with his own hands. In front of his lot he placed a neat pole fence. Not unmindful of the good influence of pleasant surroundings and with all other labors before him, in the spring he procured cottonwood trees from city creek canyon and planted some for shade in front of the lot and others for a small grove near his future school and home.

The house, when finished, was built of adobes with a dirt roof, the windows and paneled doors were painted; in size it was eighteen feet wide by twenty feet long outside, besides a smaller room used by the family for a living room. The school room, for those times, was well lighted. The seats were long benches, made of slabs, extending the width of the room.

On the morning of the second Sunday in December, 1849, all was ready. He with his wife and babe and the members of the school were gathered there. In their presence he solemnly dedicated by prayer the room for the purpose for which it was designed. The Sunday School numbered about fifty pupils, among whom were members of the families of Apostles John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Parley P. Pratt, Franklin D. Richards and others. They furnished their own books. The lessons were from the New Testament, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, mostly from the New Testament. The children were willing to attend. They were seldom absent although the school began at 8 o'clock in the morning, closing in time for those who wished to attend the general meeting of the Saints. His Bishop, John Murdock, to whom he was second counselor, was in hearty accord with him in all his efforts. He carried on the school himself successfully for about a year. In the meantime the Fourteenth Ward had erected a meeting house, and in the fall of 1850 the Sunday School moved into it. Brother Ballantyne was the Superintendent, assisted by Brother Joseph Horne, Brother Phineas Richards and several teachers. When Brother Ballantyne left on a three years' mission to Hindustan, in 1852, Brother Horne succeeded him as superintendent of the Sunday School.

In succeeding years, many others inspired with a similar interest in the education of the children, became pioneers or leaders in Sunday School work in other wards and settlements. Brother Ballantyne, after his return home, organized a Sunday School in 1856, in the Fifteenth Ward, which he thought was one of the best he had ever seen, because of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it, and especially in the spirit of testimony that rested upon the pupils. Thus other Sunday Schools were organized and maintained amid the many privations, hardships and changes that marked the early settlements of the Saints. With the increase of population and facilities for education the interest in Sunday Schools has grown until a ward is not considered complete without one or more live Sunday Schools in it.

On the 4th of November, 1867, a meeting of those interested in the Sunday School of the Saints was held at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School Union. This was the first meeting held for that purpose. There not being so many present as was anticipated, the meeting adjourned until the 11th of that month at the same place. On the latter occasion there was a large attendance; among those present were Presidents Brigham Young and Daniel H. Wells, also Apostles George A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Brigham Young Jr. At this meeting the first steps were taken toward a permanent organization, and Elder George Q. Cannon was elected president, with a secretary and two corresponding secretaries. A committee of three were also appointed to examine and decide upon books suitable for use in our Sunday Schools.

During the meeting President Brigham Young spoke at considerable length, instructing those present on various points connected with the Sunday School movement, and the cause of education in general. He was followed by Elders George A. Smith and George Q. Cannon. The latter stated Elder David O. Calder had kindly volunteered to teach the tonic sol-fa system of music to the Sunday School teachers, as soon as a sufficient number came forward to form a class.

It was not until 1872 that the Sunday School Union assumed a more compact and definite shape. In June of that year a committee, appointed at a meeting of Sunday School officers and teachers, and composed of Brothers George Goddard, John Morgan and John B. Maiben waited upon General Superintendent George Q. Cannon, presented the minutes of the meeting for his approval and invited his counsel and co-operation in bringing about a wider concert of action to give greater impetus and solidity to the efforts of the Union. The result was that from that time the efforts and labors of the Union assumed a more practical shape, and thereafter monthly meetings of the teachers and superintendents were held in Salt Lake City with great regularity; at first in the City Hall, then in the 14th Ward Assembly Rooms, afterwards in the Council House, and still later in the Assembly Hall. These meetings continued to grow in proportions and interest until they were among the most popular and most largely attended of any of the assemblies of the people of Zion.

In reading the minutes of the regular meetings of the Union, it is exceedingly interesting to note that the same subjects that are still considered among the most important were then canvassed with

much vigor, and that the instructions given were, to a very great extent, the same, slightly differing according to altered circumstances, as those that it is still found necessary to inculcate. The subjects of punctuality, the grading of the schools, prizes, rewards, the necessity of readers adjusted to the use of the Sabbath Schools of the Saints, of a collection of hymns and songs composed by members of the Church, with suitable music; of a primary catechism, and the publication of other suitable works, keeping better register of attendance, improved records, correct and punctual reports, selection of suitable books for Sunday School libraries, securing larger average attendance, and the use of the scriptures for text-books in the classes. All these and many other subjects that still have to be considered, are found among the teachings of the general superintendency and others of the brethren from the time that these meetings were first held. These instructions have not been in vain. Not only has the union increased in numbers year by year, but in compactness also, and greater uniformity has been reached in the methods of teaching and in the modes of conducting the schools. At first there was considerable diversity of operation in the Sunday Schools situated in the various Stakes of Zion: but today, through experience, better methods have been attained which secure greater uniformity and more satisfactory results. Class readers, such as those used in the day schools, and which were so widely used in the Sunday Schools are now almost entirely excluded from the latter, and in their place we have the works published by the Union.

The organization of schools into the Union for some time proceeded slowly in the more remote settlements, but in

the more complete organizations of the stakes of Zion, which took place a short time previous to the death of President Brigham Young, was found the means by which the good influence of the Union could be extended to the most distant schools, through the presiding officers of the various stakes; and Stake Superintendents of Sunday Schools are now almost invariably appointed when the organization of a stake is perfected; so that, today in every stake of Zion, as there is a Stake President, there is also a Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, subject to the President of the Stake, with assistant officers to look after and care for the Sunday School interests in that Stake.

In the year 1887 a new feature of much importance was introduced, by direction of the First Presidency of the Church, into the services of the Sunday Schools. We refer to the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was directed that this should be done by the Bishops or under their direction. The effects of this counsel, where carried out in the spirit of the instructions given, have been marked for good. A better understanding of the divine mission of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and of His atonement for the sins of the world has been given to our children, and they are constantly reminded by partaking of these emblems, together with suitable hymns sung, and instructions given on this subject at these times, of the necessity of honoring their Savior, of reverencing His name, and obeying His laws.

Nor in our review of what the Union has accomplished must we forget the impetus it has given to the development of musical talent in the midst of the Saints. We feel satisfied, we can say without undue vanity, that no single agency has done so much in this direction as it has,

and the results are eminently satisfactory, showing that as a people, we have many among us whose compositions are worthy of high praise, with a constantly developing standard of excellence. The means adopted by the Union to accomplish this have been various. Among others, the constant inculcation of the necessity of good singing in the Sunday Schools by all the teachers and pupils; the establishment of the Deseret Sunday School Musical Union and the organization of the Union's brass band; the holding, for many years, commencing in 1874, of musical festivals in the large Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, an example which has been followed in many of our other large settlements; the awarding of prizes for the best original musical compositions and poetry; the publication in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of numerous pieces of original music; the issuance of scores of thousands of musical cards; later of a Union Music Book, then a Hymn Book, and still later the publication of the Song Book and the Hymn Book now in use. Of those several large editions have been already published.

With pleasure we refer to the value that the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, edited by Elder George Q. Cannon, has been in aiding the great Sunday School work. Its advent in January, 1866, antedated the organization of the Union, and from its commencement it has been our constant friend. The publication in its columns of the catechisms on the Bible, Book of Mormon, Church History, etc., its musical pages, its editorial teachings, and many other of its features, have rendered it a necessity in our Sunday Schools whose influence can scarcely be over-estimated. It is now the recognized official organ of the General Board of the Union. Its value lies dis-

tinctly in the fact that through its pages unity and harmony of action can be brought about throughout all our schools, and the instructions of the general officers can reach the remotest schools, where otherwise, through lack of personal visits, they would often be at a loss to keep step with the rest of the Union.

It would be ungenerous not to refer to the immense amount of labor performed by the brethren and sisters of the various committees connected with the getting up and carrying to successful conclusion of our mammoth celebrations in the Tabernacle; the decorations on more than one occasion of this vast building with evergreens, flowers, etc., the formation of the beautiful centerpieces that adorned it, and many other duties associated therewith, were all labors of love, but which at the same time required much toil, unwearied patience and a large amount of time to execute. Nor were these alone; the executive, finance, musical, reception and other committees all had their hands full of pleasureable work, and they performed it in such a successful manner as to meet, as it deserved, with universal commendation and approval from the Latter-day Saints.

In 1884 the general, monthly meetings were given in charge of the Stake Sunday School authorities, and the general meetings of the Union were appointed to be held twice a year at the times of the General Conferences of the Church.

Some of the principle events of recent years have been: the holding of an annual Sunday School Conference in each Stake, visited almost invariably by one or more members of the General Board. The organization of a Sunday School for deaf mutes and one for the blind. The more thorough grading of the pupils

into different departments; the establishment of Nickel Day, on which, all members of the Sunday Schools are invited to contribute, at least one nickel to aid the Sunday School cause. The observance of Humane Day, on which special efforts are made to inculcate the principles and practice of kindness and mercy to animals. The holding of a Sunday School Convention in November, 1898, which was numerously attended by delegates from the different Schools and Stakes extending from Canada to Mexico, and which proved to be a grand success. The delivery of a series of lectures on Sunday School work by Dr. Karl G. Maeser at the special request of the officers of the Union; these lectures were revised and published by the Union for the benefit of the Sunday School workers. The organization by permission of the warden of a Bible class or Sunday School in the Utah Penitentiary, by President George Q. Cannon, while he and other brethren were imprisoned there for conscience sake. The special request each year for Sunday School statistics from the different missions abroad, the rapid increase of Sunday Schools in these missions; and the many calls for gratuitous aid to them and other special Sunday Schools responded to by the Union. The publication of the Latter-day Saints Sunday School Treatise, upon which considerable care, time and labor were bestowed; and of which, after careful revision, a second large edition has recently been issued. The publication of the first and second Book of Mormon Charts, each containing twelve original illustrations, also small cards on which are the same pictures and short scripture lessons, and with each chart a guide to its use. The preparation of lessons on the Bible, the Book of Mormon and history of the

Church in leaflet form. The first thirty-one numbers contain the life of the Savior. The vast amount of literary and other work done by members of the Board, much of which we have no time to mention, has been done without pecuniary compensation. It has been a labor of love and duty. Last, but not least, interruptions to the regular sessions of the Sunday Schools had become so numerous through funerals and various conferences being held on Sunday mornings, and the effects of these interruptions had proved to be so injurious to this work that the First Presidency published a circular letter over their own signature to correct this evil. This was also in harmony with the action of President Young, in discontinuing the Sunday Services in the Tabernacle, so that they might not interfere with the Sunday Schools.

The names of the officers of the Union at the first organization, November 11, 1867, are: George Q. Cannon, president; Edward L. Sloan, secretary; George Goddard and Robert L. Campbell, corresponding secretaries; Brigham Young, Jr., Albert Carrington and George A. Smith, committee on books suitable for Sunday Schools.

1872: George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, assistant general superintendent; John B. Maiben, general secretary; William McLachlan, general treasurer.

In August, 1875, Elder Maiben, having been called to be Bishop at Manti, resigned the office of general secretary and Elder McLachlan was appointed his successor. He acted as secretary and treasurer for a few months when he was called on a mission to New Zealand.

The vacancies thus caused were filled by the appointment of Levi W. Richards (Dec., 1875) to be the general

secretary, and George Reynolds (Feb., 1876) the general treasurer of the Union. Elder Reynolds had been acting as auditor and treasurer, pro tem, of the Union. At the same time, (Dec., 1875) Thomas Champneys was appointed assistant secretary; and after his removal to Ogden John C. Cutler was appointed to that office and also to be assistant treasurer. In 1878, Samuel L. Evans and William Willis were appointed Sunday School Missionaries at large. In June, 1883, the organization of the General Board of Officers was made complete by the appointment of John Morgan to be the second assistant general superintendant of the Union.

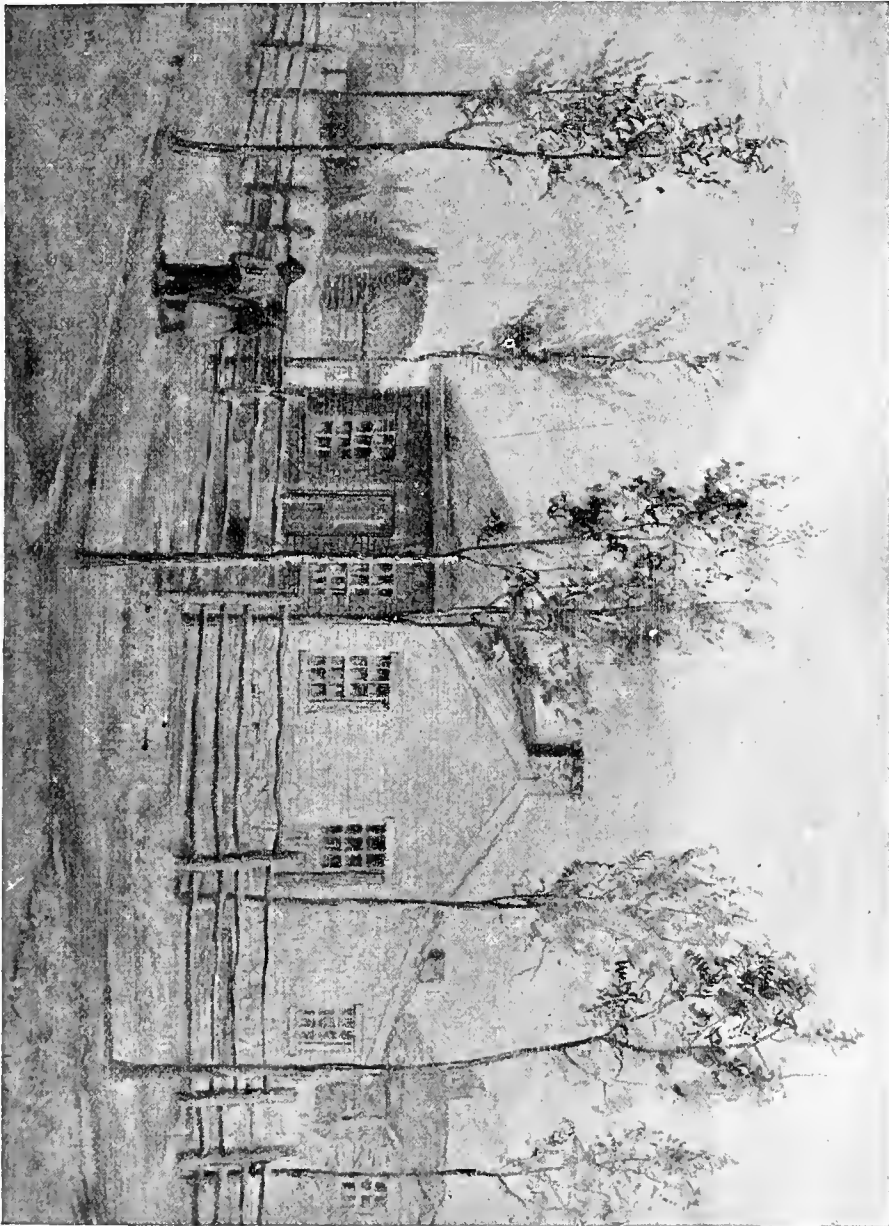
After the death of Elder Morgan, July 14th, 1894, Karl G. Maeser was appointed his successor in the superintendency.

At the close of 1890 Elder Richards resigned the office of general Secretary and John M. Whitaker was appointed to that position. On his departure on a mission he was succeeded, in 1887, by George D. Pyper, the present general secretary. The resignation of Elder Cutler made a vacancy in the office of assistant general secretary which has been filled by the appointment of Leo Hunsaker.

The decease of Elder George Goddard in last January left the position of first assistant general superintendant of the Union vacant.

We cannot specify all the changes in the General Board, but the following have been or are now members of it: George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Levi W. Richards, George C. Lambert, Louisa Lula Greene Richards, John C. Cutler, Samuel L. Evans, George H. Taylor, Abraham H. Cannon, Thomas E. Taylor, Karl G. Maeser, Joseph W. Summerhays, Charles F. Wilcox, Fran-

HOUSE IN WHICH FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN UTAH WAS HELD.



cis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, Joseph M. Tanner, George Teasdale, Hugh J. Cannon, Andrew Kimball, Joseph F. Smith and John W. Taylor.

Aids to the Board: L. John Nuttal, James W. Ure, John F. Bennett, John

M. Mills, William B. Dougall, William D. Owen, Seymour B. Young and Christian D. Fjeldsted.

The Deseret Sunday School Musical Union was organized in 1875; director, Charles J. Thomas.

The Musical Union was an organization of short duration; but the willing and efficient public services of David O. Calder, Charles J. Thomas, Ebenezer Beesley, Adam C. Smyth, John S. Lewis, Thomas C. Griggs, George Careless, Thomas McIntyre, Joseph J. Daynes, Evan Stephens and others in promoting the musical interests of our Sunday Schools generally, well deserve remembrance in this brief review.

Each Sunday School, when fully organized, has a superintendent, first, and second assistant superintendents, secretary, treasurer, librarian, chorister, and such assistant officers as may be needed. The school is graded into departments, namely: the theological, second intermediate, first intermediate, primary and infant or kindergarten. Each department has several teachers, one of whom is appointed the head teacher in the department.

All the Sunday Schools in the Stake are organized with a Stake superintendent, first and second assistant superintendents, secretary and treasurer and assistant officers if needed. Also in many of the Stakes, there are missionary aids who visit the Sunday Schools and labor under the direction of the Stake Sunday School superintendent to whom they report their labors.

All these are included in a general organization entitled the Deseret Sunday School Union. The general supervision and management of the affairs of the Union are invested in a General Board, composed of a general superintendent, first and second assistant general superintendents, general secretary, general treasurer, and assistant general secretary. An executive committee and a number of aids.

There was no general attempt made to gather statistics of the Sunday Schools

until 1872; since then efforts have been made each year to secure full and correct reports, but with only partial success.

We shall only attempt to give the figures of the two years, 1872 and 1898.

In 1872 there were 190 Sunday Schools, of which 41 did not report. In the 149 Schools reported there were 1,408 officers and teachers and 13,373 pupils. Total 14,781.

In 1898 there were 40 Stakes of Zion, containing 639 Sunday Schools, 11,384 officers and teachers and 93,388 pupils. Total 104,772. Besides these there were 16 missions that reported 378 Sunday Schools, 1,933 officers and teachers, and 9,998 pupils. Total, 11,931. The grand total was 116,703 officers, teachers and pupils.

In conclusion we cannot but point with gratitude and pride to the results which, under heaven's continued blessings, the Union has already brought about, and to the bright and cheering prospects that illumine our future and bid us persevere in the good work. To say that it has been a potent instrument of religious culture, of social refinement, and moral worth, a factor in the development of God's purposes, a bond of union among His people, a source of strength to the Church, and an aid to the Priesthood, would, we submit, not be claiming too much.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### SOME EARLY UTAH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE late Semi-Centennial Sunday School Jubilee has drawn attention to the earlier Sunday Schools established in Utah, the existence of which had almost entirely faded from the recollection of the people. These early schools



were not organized with that complete organization that characterizes the schools of today, and were conducted largely according to the best ideas of those who had them in charge, but that does not imply that they did not do good work and helped the faith and developed the understanding of many a young man and woman that brought forth good fruit in later years.

Many of these early schools, we believe we are correct in saying most of them, were disorganized at the time of the move south, in 1858; and a large percentage of these did not re-commence their sessions until 1865 or 1866, when a general movement in favor of Sunday Schools took place throughout the settlements of the Saints. This period (1865-6) indeed may be considered as marking the commencement of the present highly satisfactory Sunday School system existing throughout the wards of Zion and extending to the most distant missions of the Church. From that time the growth of the Sunday Schools has been very gratifying, accelerated and consolidated a few years later by the organization of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

There was another cause that even antedated the move south in 1858 which led to the discontinuance of a number of our Sunday Schools. It was the occasional outbreaks of the Lamanites which led in a number of cases to the breaking up of settlements that were not inhabited again for periods of different length, as wisdom and the safety of the people directed. Among the earlier schools of which we have record that were disturbed by Indian Wars were those of American Fork (1852),\* Lehi

(1852), Manti (1854); others that had an existence before 1860 were Farmington (1852), Parowan (early in the fifties), Nephi (1858), St. Johns, Tooele Co., (1859), Wellsville (1859), Mount Pleasant (1859).

When the call made by President Brigham Young in 1862 to settle Utah's Dixie was responded to, Sunday Schools were quickly established in several of the new settlements. We have before us accounts of schools being opened at Washington (1863), Virgin City (1864), Harrisburg (1864), Mountain Dell, Kane Co., (1865), Santa Clara (1866). Of these only one that claims to have continued uninterruptedly until the present is that of Washington.

Among the early Sunday Schools in Salt Lake City were those in the 7th, 4th, 16th and 11th wards. There were doubtless others to whose existence our attention has not been drawn. In the early spring of 1853 (probably February) a Sunday School was opened in the 7th ward, Elders John B. Kelly, Angus M. Cannon and Wm. M. Cowley being the Superintendency, which had, for those times, a very large attendance. This school, however, with all the rest in Salt Lake City was closed in 1858, and the chief city of Zion was almost entirely without Sunday Schools for several years, and as no date of the re-opening of many of them has been recorded we simply know that one ward slowly followed another from about 1862, but altogether the Sunday School work in the early sixties amounted to comparatively little. About this same time Sunday Schools commenced to be established in Weber, Morgan, Cache and other Stakes. As far as our investigations have gone the first Sunday School established in the far north was at Mendon (1863.) Two years later such

\*The dates following the names of the schools give the year that it is understood they first assembled.

schools were in existence at Oxford and Franklin. And doubtless, were our records complete, we should find that a number of other struggling schools met with more or less regularity at that period.

*The Editor.*

#### ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

CONAN DOYLE, the novelist, is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantle-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy up before him, and said, solemnly:

"Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Last year, when the Pope was suffering from hoarseness, Dr. Lapponi prescribed a powder, and advised his patient to curtail a discourse he was to deliver during the day. Leo XIII pocketed the powder. As to the discourse, he did not omit a word of it.

In vain did the doctor repeatedly clear his throat as a reminder to the pope to economize his strength. His holiness kept on, and even purposely raised his voice.

After finishing his address he sent for Dr. Lapponi, handed him the powder, and said, laughing: "Here, my dear doctor, take your powder yourself; you evidently need it more than I."

Professor Bunsen, the celebrated physicist, who died recently at Heidel-

berg, was not less esteemed for his moral qualities than for his achievements in science, and among the Germans his good nature, modesty, and extraordinary freedom from pride became proverbial. A friend and welcome guest at many of the European courts, Bunsen possessed a great number of orders and decorations from all countries. A prince or sovereign rarely passed through Heidelberg but the scientist received a royal invitation to dine. These ceremonial repasts, often prolonged far into the morning, bored him exceedingly, and, bitterly regretting the hours wasted outside of his laboratory, he acquired the habit of pottering with his experiments until the very last moment, then, dressing himself in all haste, he would arrive at the hotel invariably in the nick of time, though often minus his decorative regalia, a negligence which produced a most deplorable effect. Professor Bunsen's old housekeeper, who was much more concerned than he over these freaks of absent-mindedness which frequently brought him into royal presence without his laurels, conceived the idea of placing once and for all the orders and decorations in her master's dress-clothes pockets so that while on his way to a banquet he might occupy himself with attaching them to his coat. But even this scheme was not always successful. Once when a certain prince of Baden was at Heidelberg. Bunsen arrived in the salon without ever having thought of the orders in his pockets, and was just on the point of stepping up to his royal highness when a friend called his attention to this neglect. Not in the least disconcerted, Bunsen put his hand in his right pocket, and, drawing out a handful of crosses and medals, placed himself before a glass and proceeded to arrange them on his breast,

while the guests, all conversation ceasing, regarded him with stupefaction. Hereupon Bunsen, without paying the slightest attention to the astonishment which his conduct was provoking, remarked, "I have as many more in my left pocket," and calmly and silently completed his gala toilet.

Although a thorough disciplinarian, Admiral Dewey loves his men, and his devotion to them was made apparent when disaster came to the old *Mississippi* in 1863. Dewey was then a lieutenant. He was the last man to leave the vessel, and was hardly out of swimming reach of the ship when the magazine exploded. Dewey could have escaped easily, as he was a bold, powerful swimmer, but he was too unselfish to think of himself so long as any of his comrades were in danger. Not far from him he spied a seaman who was trying his best to keep above water after his right arm had been paralyzed by a bullet. Dewey struck out for him and gave him a lift till they reached a floating spar. Then the wounded man was towed ashore in safety.

#### EMINENT MEN BELIEVE IN CHRISTIANITY.

Two young men sat disputing one evening last June on the steps of their college dormitory. They were seniors, on the eve of graduation, and both were filled with the importance of their own views.

"I, for one," said the younger, "have no use for Christianity. It might do for savages, or even for the better class of Filipinos. If you believe in the trolley-car, you have outlived the tenets of

Christ. Modern science has gone beyond them."

His companion, the son of a clergyman, had almost lost his father's faith during his college career; yet he was not absolutely convinced of its worthlessness. "A few great men still believe in Christ," he ventured, mildly. "His teachings have been the foundation of modern civilization."

"Pooh!" sneered the younger man. "Buddha paved the way for Christ, and Christ has built the foundation for a higher creed. I tell you, the men of the best intelligence in this country don't believe in Christianity."

Is this a true statement? At any rate, it is not a new one, and it demands to be answered with facts, which are the most effective arguments. The *Christian Herald* recently addressed letters to the leading men of the nation, asking them if they were believers in Christ. Senators, ambassadors, sailors, soldiers and business men, eminent in their respective stations, have responded. The following were some of the first to reply:

President McKinley wrote: "My belief embraces the divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization."

Six cabinet ministers affirmed that they were firm believers in the transcendent value of Christianity. Three justices of the United States Supreme Court announced their belief in the Christian faith. Chief Justice Fuller being among the number. Every naval officer who was interrogated responded affirmatively. Admiral Sampson said, "I claim to be a friend of Christianity. I was thus brought up and thus taught to believe. I have never had occasion to change my belief." In fact all the heroes

of Santiago and Manila acknowledge allegiance to Christianity.

The army makes a remarkable showing: Miles, Shafter, Brooke, Flagler, Corbin, Sternberg, Breckinridge, Howard and a host of other high officers explicitly declare their faith. The chief of engineers writes: "I fully believe in the divinity of the Savior and the surpassing potency of Christianity."

The majority of the United States Senate uphold Christianity. The same may be said of the House. Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, thinks, "he would be a fool who should deny the beneficent influence of the Christian religion." Senator Jones, of Arkansas, says, "I am a firm believer in the Christian religion, in the immortality of the soul and in the beneficence and wisdom of an all-wise God, and but for this belief this life, in my opinion, would not be worth living."

Marshall Field, of Chicago, and Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, are typical of the leading business men who believe in God. Nearly every university and college president is a representative for Christianity. The Chinese minister and the Russian Ambassador recognize the "potency of the Christian religion as a civilizing influence."

When all the answers are in, it is thought that ninety-nine hundredths of those who represent the highest intelligence and success in this country will have declared their professed belief in Christ and in the principles taught by Him.

Such testimony ought not to be overlooked by the young men who think it a sign of cleverness to boast of unbelief. It is rather the sign of a mental condition less acceptable to conceit. Science today, in common with the eminent men whose names have been given, accepts

as the strongest force in the moral development of the race, the influence of the marvelous life by which the fatherhood of God has been declared to men. Here science is not agnostic. In its own deliberate way it accepts the facts of Christianity, and acknowledges its renovating power and its domination in modern civilization.

*Youth's Companion.*

#### SOME HEALTH SUGGESTIONS.

It is a very common thing to find the advertising space of newspapers and magazines taken up with announcements of sure-cures for all kinds of bodily ailments. As these advertisements cost large sums of money it is evident that many people buy and use the medicines that are offered, or the manufacturers could not afford the expense. Medicines are of much value when needed and properly used; but people are sometimes led to think they are in need of a medicine by reading the cunningly prepared appeals of quack physicians. Unscrupulous men of this character name nearly every physical and mental sensation known to mankind and then state that if a person has one of these it is a symptom of disease, and he needs medicine! They would have one believe that cold hands, or cold feet, or warm hands or warm feet, pale cheeks or rosy cheeks were all indications of disease, and nothing but their medicine would cure them.

A scientific journal gives some very good advice that might if heeded prevent people from falling victims to these deceivers. Herewith are given extracts from the journal referred to:

"Don't trifle with patent medicines; and whatever else you do, don't employ

any physician who advertises. There is nothing criminal in advertising, but by common consent and agreement all reputable physicians leave such methods of business to the traveling quacks, mind healers, 'Indian' physicians, 'medical institutes,' and a thousand and one other forms of ignorance and rascality which prey upon a long-suffering people.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Don't read medical works, unless you are prepared to have all the different diseases therein described. It takes a strong mind to read a minute description of any disease without discovering some of the symptoms in himself. The quacks know this well, and their so-called books consist principally of descriptions of every imaginable symptom, appended to the most painful and fatal diseases. Remember that if you think you have undoubted symptoms of Bright's disease, consumption, cancer, insanity, or paralysis, that you probably haven't a trace of any such disease about you."

#### WHIPPING WIVES.

THE Africans of the Gold Coast are as keen at a bargain as the white trader. Even when they become Christians their acuteness, which shows itself by adhering to the letter rather than the spirit, often amuses the white missionary.

An English missionary relates, in his "Nine Years at the Gold Coast," that one Sunday he drew his Bible class to St. Paul's exhortation in Ephesians, to husbands respecting the treatment of their wives.

"But, sir," said a negro, who thought the Apostle too gallant, "A Mandingo woman will not think that her husband loves her unless he flogs her now and then."

Another missionary remonstrated with a Christian negro for whipping his wife.

"Do not I read," retorted the negro, "that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?' Do I not love my wife?"

*The Household.*

#### THE LIMITS OF HEAT AND COLD.

THE greatest heat produced artificially is that of an electric-arc furnace, the kind that is used in the production of artificial diamonds, calcium carbide, etc. It is so intense that nothing exists with which to record it. It is estimated, however, to be about 4,000deg. F. The coldest known temperature is that of liquid air, which freezes alcohol and mercury, and distances all means of measuring. It is claimed that with it a temperature of 400deg. below zero F. is reached. The present limits of heat and cold are, therefore, represented by the arc furnace and liquid air.

#### MAN AND HIS SHOES.

A BALTIMORE shoemaker uses the following appropriate but curious rhyme on the back of his business card:

How much a man is like his shoes!  
For instance, both a sole may lose;  
Both need a mate to be complete.  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need healing, oft are sold,  
And both in time will turn to mold.  
With shoes, the last is first; with men,  
The first shall be last; when  
The shoes wear out they are mended, new;  
When men wear out they are men dead, too!  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
But both have their ties, and both incline.  
When polished, in the world to shine;  
And both peg out. Now, would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?

## Our Little Folks.

### BESSIE BARTON'S LARGE FAMILY.

BESSIE BARTON is a little girl with a great many brothers and sisters, but they are all grown up, and she is the only child left.

It is a very lonely thing to be just one little girl in a big house, and one day Bessie really could not stand it. She said she must have something alive to play with, so her mama made it known that she would like to have a kitten. The next morning some boys brought her seven. She couldn't make a choice, so she took them all. You never saw such a greedy girl for kittens; she wanted one for every day in the week, she said. She had one over, for a girl brought a little gray kitten, curled up fast asleep in a bird-cage.

"Oh!" cried Bessie, "I'll take that, too! I haven't a single gray one." So the other girl lifted up the top of the cage and let out the kitten. The poor little thing had awakened and was making a dreadful noise and scratching.

"He hasn't a very good disposition, I'm afraid," she said. "I call him 'Pepper;' that's gray you know, and kind of sharp and fiery. What do you call your other kittens?"

"Oh, my," said Bessie, "I don't know. Boys brought them and they never do think of things like girls. What shall I do?"

"I'll help you," said the other girl. And the two curly-heads puzzled themselves for full an hour to find names that would "fit the pussies," as Bessie said.

There was "Pepper" to begin with; then the twins they called "Trotty" and "Spotty," and the three black ones,

"Topsy" and "Jet" and "Snuffy" (because one had such a funny little way with its nose), and the two white kittens "Snow" and "Whitey."

Bessie was a very happy girl now, and played all day long with her family of kittens. But they had to sleep in the cellar; Mama said there really wasn't room for so many kittens anywhere else. That was bad. Once Snow got among the coal, and Bessie had to give her a bath, in a real bath-tub, before she was fit to be seen. That was dreadful punishment, for cats are like some children, never like to be washed.

When Bessie opened the door for the kittens each morning, they always came hurrying in saying, "good morning" as plainly as kittens can say it, and calling out pussy fashion "Do hurry up, breakfast; we's hungry."

This breakfast was a great yellow bowlful of milk. It was quite heavy, but Bessie would let no one but herself carry it to the corner of the kitchen which belonged to her kittens, who crowded so closely around that sometimes she almost tripped.

It was a very funny sight to see the eight furry little heads around this one bowl, and eight little tongues lapping milk together. You would have thought it was the very first milk they had ever tasted, and that they were afraid it would be the last. They pushed and crowded in a soft kitten way, that didn't hurt a bit; while Whitey, who was not as tall as the other kittens, had to stand up and lean over very far; once she fell in and was almost drowned before Bessie could get her out.

As soon as the kittens were old enough Bessie began to have school. Her school was on the kindergarten system. She had little balls of light colored paper or worsted and bits of string; and



"TROTTY" AND "SPOTTY" SUNNING THEMSELVES.

I couldn't begin to tell you the wonderful things her scholars did with them.

Once something happened which almost put an end to Bessie's school forever. It was a warm summer morning, so she sat in her little chair near the garden door of the sitting-room and her scholars would rush out and catch butterflies till they were tired; then they would come back and lie down and wink lazily at Bessie, or wash their faces right in school, getting ready for a good nap; and would not attend to their lessons at all. Suddenly a sharp "Ki-yi" was heard, and there at the open door stood a little Scotch terrier, looking in; his shaggy hair hanging down over his eyes, his little white teeth gleaming, and one paw lifted up as if ready for a spring.

One look from the kittens and school was out. Those who could run, ran; but Snow was so frightened she could not stir, and Topsy and Spotty weren't much better off. Even Bessie fell back in her chair and held up her hands in terror. Pepper was the only brave one; he got his back up and sputtered as fiercely as he could.

Bessie soon recovered her courage; then the little dog came up to her, wagging his little bit of a tail and looking so friendly that she put out her hand and patted him.

He didn't seem to belong to any one, and he would not go away; so, as he was a very little fellow, Mr. Barton said they would keep him.

"What shall we call him, papa?" said Bessie.

"Ki-yi!" barked the dog, who was standing by wagging his funny little tail, and looking very much as if he understood what was going on.

"Oh, hear him!" laughed Bessie, clapping her hands. "He has named himself." So they called him Kiyi. At

first the kittens did not like him at all; but he was very good and never barked at them or ran after them, so after awhile they grew to be quite fond of Master Kiyi, and would play all day long with him.

Kiyi goes to Bessie's school, too, and is "head scholar." Bessie loves them all the same, and thinks her large family just the nicest and best in the world.

### A MODEL TOWN.

THE word model sometimes means a small copy or pattern of something, as for example an imitation of a large building made with clay on such a small scale that it can be carried about. The word also means something that is worthy of imitation: a good man's life is a model for others to imitate or follow. The town I am going to tell you about fulfills both these definitions: it is small and also worthy of imitation on account of its good regulations.

You can walk all around this little village in less than half an hour—that is if you do not stop to look at the variety of curious buildings it contains. You can do this, too, without getting your shoes soiled, even on a wet, rainy day—and they have many such days there—for all the streets are nicely paved with cement.

Every house in the village is a new one, built of light-red brick. There are a great many kinds of houses in the town, and yet not one that looks like any house you may see here in Utah, for they are all made after styles that were common in England some three hundred years ago.

Every house has a little grass plot and flower garden in front of it, and every door-yard is neatly fenced. The houses



inside are fitted in modern style, and each one is supplied with water for domestic use, and contains a bath room in addition to the kitchen, dining room, parlor and bed rooms.

The village contains a neatly built church, a lecture hall and a free school building, besides a play-ground for the children, and a ball-ground for the big boys and men. There are no animals kept in this miniature town—neither cattle nor horses. What is still better, there are no saloons, gambling houses, nor other vile places where idlers assemble. In fact there are no idlers there; nor are there any paupers or beggars. The place contains no hotels nor boarding houses, and there are no street cars there. The town being so small there is no need for the latter.

Every man living in this village is employed by the one large institution there. This is a soap factory. The factory and the entire village is owned by the company that manufactures the soap, and the dwelling houses are rented to the workmen at a very moderate price. They and their families are the only ones allowed to live in the town, and they are not permitted to rent any part of their houses to other parties or to keep boarders. The company employs men to keep the streets clean and in repair, and attend to the gardens, so that no part of the place appears neglected or untidy.

If the people who live here could only regulate their conduct as well as the town is regulated what a happy community it would be! But the model home is not far from places not so well regulated, and where places of vice are found, so that it cannot be expected that the inhabitants of this neat little hamlet live perfect lives.

Perhaps my little friends would like to

know where this place I have been telling about is situated. It is just a few miles from the city of Liverpool, in England. When you go to Liverpool be sure to visit it. The cost to cross the river Mersey from Liverpool to Newferry is only four cents; then you can walk from the latter to Port Sunlight, the place I have been describing.

You think it is not likely that you will ever go to Liverpool, do you? Well, you cannot tell. Of course it is afar off from Utah, but hundreds of our missionaries go there every year on their way to all parts of Great Britain as well as to other parts of Europe, and in a few years you may be among those who will be called as missionaries to Europe.

*P.*

#### THE MAIDEN WHO WAS SENT AWAY FROM HOME

##### A Fairy Story.

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman with a little girl. This old woman did not like the little girl, and was very mean to her. The old woman was determined to send her away. The little girl found out her intentions and went to her room, got her clothes and went to the woods.

It was dark when she got there. She was very tired with her long walk. She sat down by a tree to rest. She was a beautiful maiden and everybody liked her. She was so tired she went to sleep. While she was asleep a carriage passed with the king and his son in it. The king's son was hunting for a bride, and seeing this beautiful maiden was sure she should be his wife. He picked up the maiden and put her in the carriage. She did not wake up.

Then they rode to the palace with her.

The king then ordered a room to be prepared for her. The maiden was laid on the bed in the room which had been prepared for her. In a little while she woke up. She wondered where she was. And when she looked around her she was frightened at being in such a splendid room. But the prince came in and talked kindly to her, until she got over her fright.

The prince told her where she was and where he had found her. He asked her if she would be his bride.

She said yes, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

Her old step-mother found out how happy she was. She went to the palace disguised as a peddler and brought some lovely apples to the king. But that was not all, for she brought some large oranges with her. The young bride was very fond of oranges and the lady offered her one.

She took it, thinking there was nothing wrong with it. But the peddler, as we now call her, had poisoned it.

During the long years which this girl had been away from home, she had met a fairy who had given her three wishes. The first was that she should be very beautiful. The second, that she would marry a prince. The third, that if she took poison it would not kill her. The fairy granted these requests.

When the woman had given her the poisoned orange she said "I must go," so she went.

The princess took the orange and ate it. It made her very sick but she did not die.

In a year after a little son was born to the prince and princess. It was very pretty. It grew fast.

When the old woman found that she did not kill the princess, after all, she

dressed in her best dress and went to the palace to see the princess.

While she was in the palace the king ordered a barrel to be filled with snakes and then the old woman was put in it and let roll down the mountain into the river.

The king was called to war a year after. He kissed the prince and princess and their little boy and said to the prince: "If I get killed in the battle you shall be king, and your wife shall become queen."

But the king did not get killed. He came home but died some years after, leaving his son to rule the land, and his wife to be queen.

The last heard of the old step-mother was, she floated down the river with the barrel of snakes.

The king and queen lived happy with their little son who was now eight years of age.

*Stella Nelson, age 9 years when written.*

PROVO, UTAH.

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### MAUD AND FANNY.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 638.)

BROTHER KING learned of the Snake Indian that his tribe had left, after taking the vengeance they had determined upon, leaving the Utes who had been killed, just as they had fallen, without burial of any kind. He decided to take his son Archie and go and bury Tabboonie, at least, and as many more as they could. They soon learned that other brethren were also going on like errands, and that the dead bodies of the unfortunate Utes would all be buried.

By and by Tabboonie's squaw with her pappooses came to the house of Sister King. As soon as the children saw them coming they went to the gate

to meet them. And as soon as the squaw recognized the simple show of kindly feeling and sympathy exhibited by the little girls, she burst forth with such wild weeping and wailing that the children were frightened.

Sister King said and did all that she could to comfort the widow and orphans of Tabboonie. It was a very sorrowful time in the town, and soon all the Indians moved away. A few weeks after the Indian trouble, one afternoon, Maud and Fanny went with some of the older girls for a walk, and they visited the mound where the Utes' "wicki-ups" had stood, and many of their men had been killed and were buried.

The older girls talked of the wars they had read about in the Book of Mormon, and thought that mound upon which they stood might have been the scene of other battles, hundreds of years ago, when the forefathers of these same Indians were called Lamanites. And that likely enough, other graves had been made there, long before the new ones they had come to visit.

Little Fanny was much touched by what she saw and heard there upon that mound, and ever afterward, to her and Maud it seemed a sacred place, especially the spot where Tabboonie's grave had been carefully marked.

The next morning while Maud and Fanny were scouring the table-knives and forks, the younger sister said, "Maud, I'll tell you some verses about our Indians."

"Well, tell on," answered Maud. And Fanny did tell on, like this:

"Tabboonie, our good old Indian,  
With his kind face painted red,  
Will never come to see us again,  
Poor fellow, he is dead!

"The cruel Snakes, all painted black,  
The peaceful Utes have shot;

But Tabboonie, our good old Indian,  
Will never be forgot.

"They did not kill old Peter,  
Though he was helpless and blind,  
How glad I shall be when the Indians all  
Have learned to be good and kind!"

Fanny paused and looked shyly up at Maud, wondering what her sister would say to her verses.

She did not have to wait long. Maud was always very plain spoken, even to her little pet sister.

"Why do you say 'old' about Tabboonie and Peter?" she asked. "Tabboonie was only a young Indian, and Peter, if he is blind is not old."

"Well," explained Fanny, "in verses they can put in some words that don't mean just what they say."

"I don't know," answered Maud. "I think the only right way of talking is to say what we mean, and not what we don't mean, whether we talk verses, or anything else."

Fanny looked very serious over what seemed to her her sister's severe criticism; but she always thought Maud knew better than herself just what was right. So she concluded that her verses were not very good, and that she had better not say them to any one else. And she never did.

But later in the day, she was rattling off some verses she had learned from her new school reader.

"Fanny!" called her father. "You are too noisy. If you would spend some of your time studying arithmetic, instead of learning and reciting so much poetry, it would be a great deal better."

Fanny was quiet after that for some time. She and Maud went to bring in the wood which Archie was cutting. The thought of what her father had said to her about studying arithmetic came to Fanny and she commenced

counting the sticks of wood as she picked them up.

Brother King told his wife, that evening, that he intended to wash the sheep the next week, and that he should fix a flume in the well ditch, which watered the pasture, so that he could wash the sheep with very little trouble.

The children heard this and were filled with anticipations of an interesting time when the sheep-washing should come on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE STORY OF PROCOPIUS.

#### A True Tale of the Mediæval Wars.

EVER so long ago, there lived and fought in Germany a mighty general, and he was awfully funny. I think he was about the funniest general in all the world.

He was very fat and very clever, and, like all fat, clever people, he loved little children. The fatter he grew, the more clever he grew, and when he had a dozen or so of children about his knees, he wasn't much of a general as generals go—not much of a fighting general I mean.

But we must give the name and date of this general, and so crack the historical nut-shell, before we can set before our readers the sweetmeat of our story. This we will do in a single paragraph, and we shall have all the rest of the space to tell you about the agreeable general, and the funny things that he did.

Procopius, or Procope, the famous fat general, was a Bohemian, and became commander of the Hussites, who were almost an army of giants, in 1424. He won many victories with his terrible army, and caused the princes of Moravia, Austria and Saxony, to sue for terms at

his feet. The fame of his great deeds and wonderful victories filled all Europe for eleven years, when he was killed in battle in 1434. Now, the historical nut-shell is cracked, and we will have some account of the funny fat man who loved the children.

In the summer of 1432, good-natured Procopius and his tall army came marching through the hot mountain-passes into Saxony, and encamped in a very lovely valley on the banks of the Saale, and invested the old walled town of Naumburg. It was cherry-time—a lovely time of year to lay siege to the tough old town—and the valley was full of cherry-trees, which was calculated to make fat Procope and the tall besiegers, who were very fond of the good things in the world, contented and happy. So, while a part of the army besieged the town, the rest went cherrying, and a very comfortable time they had.

But the Saxons who were shut up in Naumburg were resolute and stubborn, and refused to yield. The golden moon that hung over the Saale on the still nights when June perfumed the vale with roses, waned, and halved, quartered and rounded again; but the Saxons gave no signs of coming to terms with the fat general. And Procopius, although generally so clever and good-natured, began, we are very, very sorry to say, to lose his patience and his temper.

It was far past midsummer. The roses were falling, and the cherries were rotting, and Procope himself was getting sour. So one morning he put on his high-heeled boots, and seemed to be unusually out of sorts, and he sent a terrible message to the good people of Naumburg that, if they did not surrender the town before the end of the week, all of the people in it should at last be put to the sword.

Oh, then there was distress in Naumburg. Yet the sturdy old Saxon lords refused to surrender the town.

But at last the store of food in the town was nearly gone, and strong walls grow weak when the people have no bread. The women began to be hungry, and the children to cry for food.

What was to be done? They called a council, but the council could do nothing. The besiegers were strong without, and the corn was gone within, and their lives were forfeited if they opened the gates to the enemy.

There came to the council an old German schoolmaster and when the lords and chief men could offer nothing, he begged leave to say a few words to them.

"Procope," said he, bowing very low, so that his queue stuck out like a horn behind, "is very fat."

"That will not help our leanness," said the lords.

"Fat men are very clever," said the spare old pedagogue.

"All the more inglorious to die at the hands of a clever man," said the lords.

"And clever, fat men love children," said the pedagogue, looking very wise.

"That does not help our case," said the lords.

"A man who loves a child will not harm the parent," said the old pedagogue.

"But the Hussites do not love our children."

"Every man has a tender place in his heart," said the wise pedagogue. "Get at that, and one is safe."

"But how does that apply to us?" asked the lords.

"Listen," said the pedagogue, looking

still more wise, and bringing the tip of one finger over into the palm of his other hand, in a very knowing way. "Procope loves children, and when they are around him, he grows jolly and mellow, and his heart gets warm, and his sternness all melts away like a glacier in the spring sunshine. Send the children of the town out of the gates to him. Tell them to cling about his knees, and climb upon his lap, and when he begins to pity them, and grow fond of them, tell them to beg mercy for us, and the foodless town of Naumburg."

That quiet summer afternoon, the gates of Naumburg swung open, and a long procession of little boys and girls issued forth, and wended their way through the astonished Hussites to the gay pavilion of Procopius. We fancy we can see them now, and an old German picture we have seen helps our fancy. This odd picture represents the old pedagogue following behing with a bundle of books under one arm, and a brisk switch in the other hand, with which latter implement he was refreshing the memories of some of the little boys in the rear, by a wise application in the usual way.

When Procope saw them coming he seemed mighty pleased, and with large eyes and puffing lips he waddled out to meet them. The little girls seized him around his funny legs, and hugged him tight, and the little boys all began to say:

"O, good Procope, we've come to you to protect us."

What could Procopius do? He tried to be hard, but it was impossible. So he sat down under a big cherry-tree near by, and the boys and girls in a few minutes were running all over him like goats over a mountain. His heart was

besieged, and a breach was soon made in its weakest place.

He put his hand on one little boy's hair and kissed another little girl, who looked so pretty and innocent that he could not help it. And his great arms clasped a half-a-dozen children at once, and his heart grew warm and mellow and he found that he could resist no longer. So the clever, fat general suddenly cried out:

"It's no use. I can't see the children suffer, you know. I guess I shall have to surrender."

Then he ordered the Hussites to bring him baskets of cherries, and he and the children had a cherry feast, and great was the happiness on the banks of the Saale, near the foodless town of Naumburg.

The children returned to the city at night, and each one hugged and kissed Procopius as he parted, and said in a low, sweet voice:

"Spare for our sakes the town of Naumburg."

The moon hung over the Saale in the golden air, and in the late hours dipped behind the far mountains. The sun rose fair, and the watchmen looked down from the grim walls of Naumburg on the long valley; but Procopius and the Hussites were gone, and a happier day never was seen in the town.

For four hundred years the Saxons have loved to recall this delightful event of history, and have celebrated it by the "Kinderfest," or "Children's Fete," or, as it is often called, "The Cherry Feast of Naumburg." The festival occurs on the 28th of July, and a right glad day it is to the children of Saxony. And, would you see how long the happy influence of a single good deed may last? why then, when you go to Germany, drop down the Saale in summer time,

and eat some cherries with the children at the Children's Fete, in honor of the funniest general in all the world.

*Family Herald.*

#### FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

PAROWAN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I thought I would write to you again. My papa has not been released from his mission in Montana yet. He has been gone one year and a half. Last winter one of the Elders died in the same county in which Papa is laboring.

When we got word that the Elder had died we also got word that Papa was very sick; this made us feel very sad. Papa's lungs are very weak, and Butte City, Montana, is very smoky, and when he gets cold it affects them. We all prayed earnestly to the Lord to heal him, and the next letter stated that he was much better. As the letters must be short I will not say more this time.

*Rhoda Matheson, age 9 years.*

SPANISH FORK, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have three sisters and two brothers. I have a pet cat. Its name is Joe.

I live one block east of the school-house. I go to school in the beautiful central school house. It is two stories high and has eight large rooms. My teacher's name is Miss Chism.

*Elias Hanson, age 9 years.*

BURRVILLE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: We live in a cold, windy country. Sometimes the snow drifts in piles from three to four feet deep. But we have lots of good wood here, and raise plenty of hay for our cattle.

*Floyd T. Cloward, age 12 years.*

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|                                                                                                         |            |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| No. 6. The "Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City ..... | 7:00 a.m.  |
| No. 2. The "Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver .....     | 11:45 a.m. |
| No. 4. The "Atlantic Express" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver .....               | 6:40 p.m.  |

### ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY:

|                                                                                                     |           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| No. 5. The "Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City .....      | 3:00 p.m. |
| No. 1. The "Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver .....          | 3:00 p.m. |
| No. 3. The "Pacific Express" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver ..... | 3:30 a.m. |

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## CURRENT TIME TABLE.

In Effect June 1, 1899.



### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

|                                                                                          |             |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....                                | 2:15 p. m.  |
| No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....                                | 8:05 p. m.  |
| No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and all intermediate points ..... | 8 35 a. m.  |
| No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....                     | 6:00 p. m.  |
| No. 8—For Ogden and the West .....                                                       | 9:05 p. m.  |
| No. 1—For Ogden and the West .....                                                       | 9:45 a. m.  |
| No. 42—For Park City .....                                                               | 8 30 a. m.  |
| No. 9—For Ogden, Intermediate and West .....                                             | 12:01 p. m. |

### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

|                                                                                        |             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East .....                                    | 9:30 a. m.  |
| No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East .....                                    | 8:55 p. m.  |
| No. 5—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl and intermediate points ..... | 5:55 p. m.  |
| No. 2—From Ogden and the West .....                                                    | 2:15 p. m.  |
| No. 4—From Ogden and the West .....                                                    | 7 55 p. m.  |
| No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....                  | 10:00 a. m. |
| No. 41—From Park City .....                                                            | 5:45 p. m.  |
| No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points .....                                         | 8:25 a. m.  |

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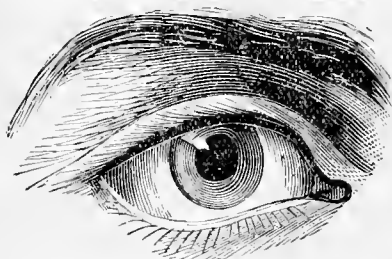
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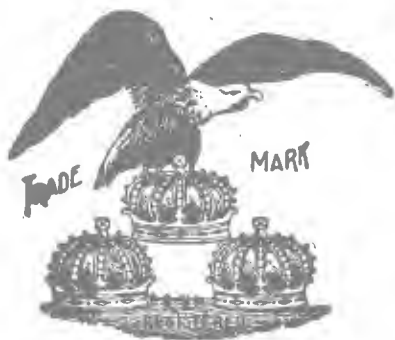
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